



THIS IS A DOG CART



WHAT DO YOU THINK?



DADDY PAT OF THE MARINES



LT COL FRANK E EVANS



THIS IS THE MARINE
FALLING ON THE PIG



EVERYBODY LOOKED LIKE
GOBLINS

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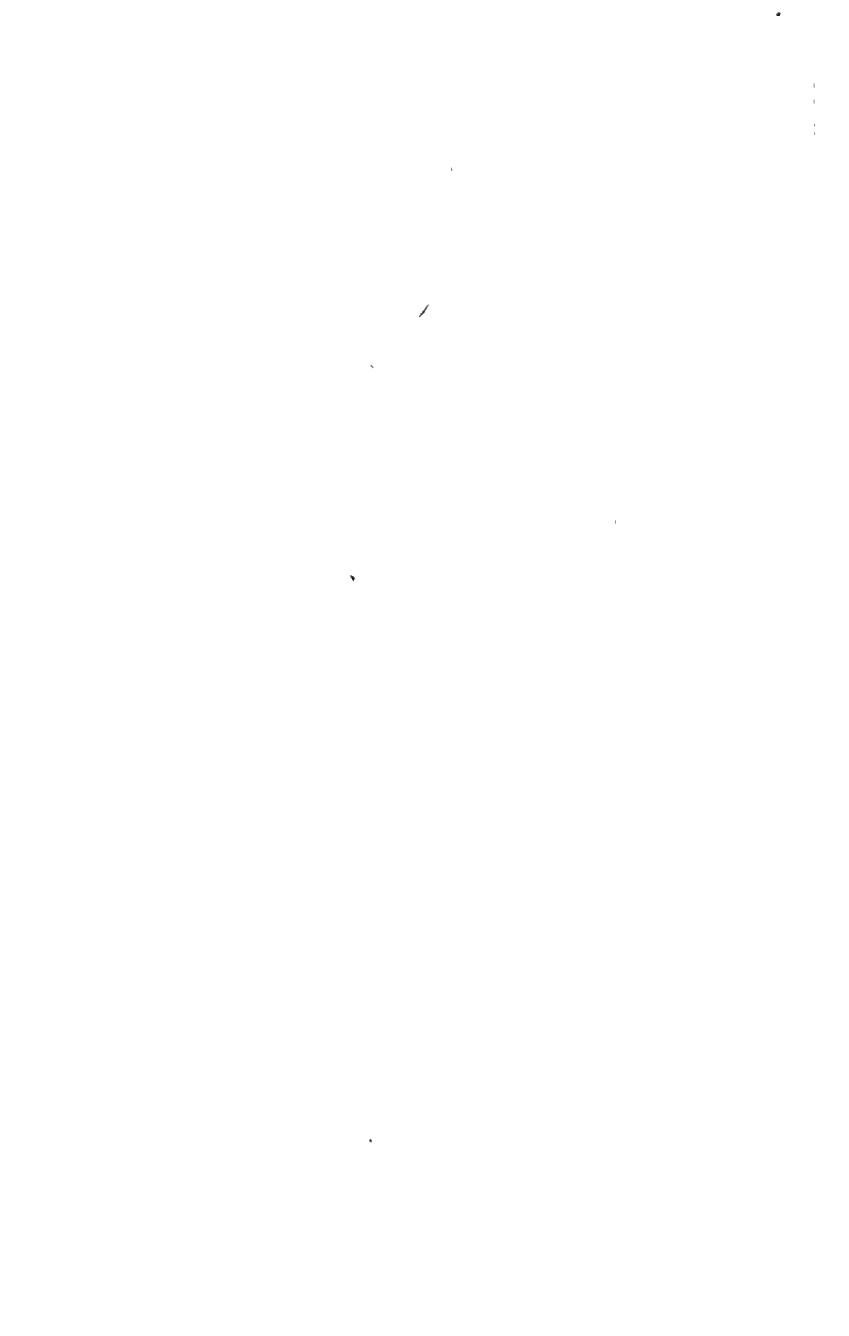
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DADDY PAT OF THE MARINES



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DADDY PAT OF THE MARINES

BEING
HIS LETTERS FROM FRANCE
TO HIS SON TOWNIE

BY
LT. COL. FRANK E. EVANS, U.S.M.C.

WITH NUMEROUS ILLUSTRATIONS



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FOREWORD

These Letters, as originally written by Lieutenant-Colonel Evans, while on active service in France, to his six-year-old boy in America, were patiently and lovingly printed in large and small capital letters, of Big Primer size, so as to be more easily read by a soldier's patriotic little son, just mastering the art of reading. The typography of the present edition of the Letters was chosen partly in order to preserve, insofar as type and printer's ink would permit, something of the distinctive character of the originals; but largely also, in order that as many as possible other little patriots and future soldiers of the Republic might get at first hand from these simple, vivid pages, wisely softened to the measure of young sensibilities, some conception of the sacrifice and the heroism of many other fathers and uncles and friends of the older generation in helping to save civilization from the grimness and menace of the Great World War.



DADDY PAT OF THE MARINES



DADDY PAT OF THE MARINES

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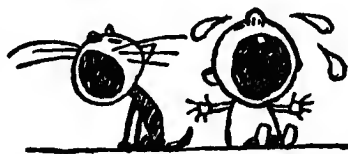
SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE,
Nov. 15, 1917.

DEAR TOWNIE:

DADDY SHOULD HAVE WRITTEN YOU A LETTER ABOUT HIS TRIP OVER THE BIG BLUE OCEAN TO FRANCE ON THE NAVY SHIP BEFORE, BECAUSE YOU'LL WONDER WHAT IT'S LIKE TO SAIL ON A BIG SHIP FULL OF MARINES GOING OVER TO LICK THE OLD KAISER AND HIS LONG-LEGGED RAT FACE SON. AND YOU'LL WANT TO KNOW WHETHER WE SAW ANY WHALES, OR BIG ICEBERGS WITH POLAR BEARS PLAYING MARBLES OR ROLLING HOOPS

OR FISHING FOR CRABS WITH THEIR TAILS, OR IF WE SAW ANY GERMAN SUBS OR TIN LIZZIES AND GOT BLOWN UP. BUT WE MUST HAVE PASSED THE WHALES AT NIGHT AND IT WAS TOO WARM FOR ICEBERGS AND WE DIDN'T SEE ANY SUBS OR PERHAPS YOU WOULDN'T GET THIS LETTER. AND MAYBE YOU KNOW SOME NICE KIDS WHOSE DADDIES ARE GOING TO FRANCE AND THEN YOU CAN TELL THEM ALL ABOUT IT. AND YOU SAW THE BIG SHIP SAIL FROM THE NAVY YARD EARLY THAT COLD DAY JUST A MONTH AGO AND YOU LOOKED AWFUL COLD AND SMALL FROM THE TALL DECK DADDY WAS ON AND HOLDING ON TO YOUR PRETTY MOTHER'S HAND. AND MAYBE YOU KNOW HOW BRAVE SHE WAS TO STAND THERE LIKE A SOLDIER AND SEE THE SHIP SAIL AWAY UNTIL SHE COULDN'T SEE DADDY ANY MORE, JUST A GRAY DOT MOVING DOWN THE RIVER TO THE BIGGEST WAR IN THE WORLD.

AND AS SOON AS WE GOT OUT TO SEA WE HAD TO HAVE A LOT OF SEA DRILLS AND EVERYBODY HAD TO LEARN WHAT BOAT TO RUN TO IF THE CAPTAIN TOLD THE QUARTERMASTER ON THE BRIDGE TO BLOW THE SIREN WHISTLE. THEN THERE WOULD BE A FINE RACKET



THE SIREN SOUNDED
LIKE A THOUSAND
OF THIS

BECAUSE THE OLD SIREN WOULD HOWL AND WAIL AND SCREAM AND CRY AND THEN DIE DOWN TO A TINY WHISPER LIKE A SICK CAT AND THEN START ALL OVER AGAIN, AND JUST LIKE A THOUSAND BABIES THAT A THOUSAND BAD BOYS HAD ROBBED OF A THOUSAND STICKS OF CANDY WOULD HOWL AND WAIL AND SCREAM AND CRY UNTIL THEY COULD ONLY MAKE A WHISPER. AND THEN BIG GONGS

WOULD RING LIKE MAD ALL OVER THE SHIP AND THE BLUE JACKET BUGLER AND RANKIN, THE MACHINE GUN BUGLER, WOULD GRAB UP THEIR BUGLES AND BLOW UNTIL THEIR CHEEKS LOOKED LIKE BIG RED APPLES. AND NO MATTER WHETHER YOU WERE EATING OR SLEEPING OR READING OR AT SOME OTHER DRILL YOU'D HAVE TO GRAB UP YOUR LIFE PRESERVER AND RUN TO YOUR BOAT. AND TO KEEP PEOPLE FROM GETTING STUCK ON A LADDER WHERE THERE WAS ONLY ROOM FOR ONE, AND ONE WANTED TO GO TO A BOAT AT ONE END OF THE SHIP AND ONE TO THE OTHER END, WE HAD TO PUT MARINE SENTRIES AT ALL THE LADDERS. AND WE HAD TO WEAR THE LIFE PRESERVERS OR TIE THEM ON AROUND OUR WAISTS ALL THE TIME AND I GUESS WE LOOKED FUNNY. AND WE WOULD FALL IN RIGHT BY THE BOATS AND THEY'D LOWER THEM ALMOST INTO THE OCEAN AND WE'D SHIN DOWN A NARROW

WOBBLY SEA LADDER. DADDY WAS IN A WHALEBOAT AND BESIDES THE BOATS THERE WERE GREAT BIG LIFE RAFTS MADE OF CORK THAT WERE JUST LIKE GREAT BIG CRULLERS THAT WOULD HOLD UP 40 MEN, SOME HANGING ON INSIDE AND SOME OUTSIDE THE CRULLER. AND BESIDES DRILLS AND SCHOOLS AND CLASSES TO LEARN FRENCH ALL THE OFFICERS HAD TO CLIMB UP THE TWO BIG MASTS TO LITTLE PLATFORMS JUST LIKE



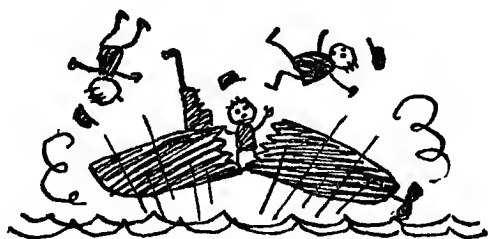
THIS IS HOW IT FELT
TO CLIMB THE ROPE
LADDER IN BAD WEATHER

BIRDS' NESTS TO WATCH FOR THE TIN LIZ-
ZIES OR THE GERMAN FLEET IF IT GOT LOOSE.
YOU'D CLIMB UP THE BIG ROPE LADDERS

THAT THEY CALL RAT LINES AND THEN WHEN YOU GOT RIGHT UNDER THE PLATFORM YOU'D HAVE TO TWIST AROUND AND SQUEEZE UP THROUGH A HOLE IN THE BOTTOM OF THE PLATFORM. AND IF THE SHIP WAS ROLLING IT WAS NO FUN GOING UP, BUT IT WAS NICE AND COZY UP IN THE TOP UNLESS YOU WERE SEASICK, BUT DADDY DIDN'T GET SEASICK. BUT THERE WERE TWO YOUNG LIEUTENANTS WHO WERE BOTH FAT AND SEASICK AT FIRST, BUT THEY WERE GAME AND UP THEY WENT. AND THERE WERE ALWAYS TWO BLUEJACKETS IN THE TOP, TOO, WITH SPY GLASSES. AND DADDY FOUND ONE OF THEM HAD BEEN AN ELEVATOR BOY IN THE BILTMORE HOTEL IN NEW YORK AND HE DIDN'T CARE HOW HIGH UP HE WAS. WE HAD SIX BIG SHIPS LOADED DOWN WITH SOLDIERS AND TWO OF THEM WERE BIGGER THAN OURS, BUT OUR SHIP LED THEM BECAUSE IT WAS A NAVY SHIP AND HAD MORE GUNS.

AND WE SAILED ALL DAY AND NIGHT IN TWO COLUMNS WITH OUR SHIP AT THE HEAD OF ONE COLUMN AND A BIG NAVY CRUISER AT THE HEAD OF THE OTHER WITH A REAL ADMIRAL ON HER AND HIS BLUE FLAG WITH THE TWO WHITE STARS LOOKED FINE. AND IF ANY SUBS SHOWED UP, THEN OUR TWO SHIPS WOULD HAVE TO FIGHT THEM AND SAVE THE OTHER SHIPS. SO THE GUN CREWS HAD TO BE AT THE GUNS ALL DAY AND ALL NIGHT—NOT THE SAME CREWS—AND THEY HAD SPECIAL UNIFORMS FOR BAD WEATHER MADE OF KHAKE-COLORED WATERPROOF CALLED “WEATHER PROOFS” WITH BIG HOODS OVER THEIR HEADS SO THEY LOOKED LIKE BIG FAT MONKS BEHIND THE GUN, AND I DON’T THINK THEY WERE HAPPY SAILORS BECAUSE A FOOLISH TIN LIZZIE DIDN’T POP UP EVERY FEW HOURS. BUT EVERY FEW DAYS THEY’D TOW A TARGET BEHIND THE CRUISER THAT LOOKED LIKE A PERISCOPE AND OUR

GUNS WOULD FIRE AT IT AND IT WAS AWFUL HARD TO HIT BECAUSE IT WOULD BOB UP AND DOWN LIKE AN OLD DUCK DIVING AND ALL YOU COULD SEE LOOKED LIKE A FEATHER OF WATER. AND ON THE STERN OF OUR SHIP WERE A LOT OF BOMBS THAT LOOKED LIKE OLD ASH CANS AND FULL OF GUN COTTON, AND IF AN OLD SUB CAME UP BEHIND, AN OLD SAILOR WITH A MUSTACHE LIKE AN OLD SEA LION WOULD PULL A ROPE AND AN OLD ASH CAN WOULD ROLL DOWN A LITTLE



THIS IS A GERMAN TIN
LIZZIE BEING BLOWN UP

TROUGH AND GO SPLASH! AND GO DOWN A LITTLE WAYS AND BUST WIDE OPEN BLUWIE! AND THE OLD TIN LIZZIE WOULD OPEN UP

LIKE A BUSTED WATERMELON AND OLD DAVY JONES WOULD GET ALL THE NASTY HEINIES AND FRITZIES AND KEEP THEM DOWN AT THE BOTTOM OF THE OCEAN HUNTING FOR ALL THE POOR DEAR LITTLE BABIES THEY HAD DROWNED. AND SOMETIMES THE ADMIRAL WOULD PRETEND HE HAD SEEN A TIN LIZZIE AND A STRING OF FLAGS WOULD GO CLIMBING UP THE MAST AND THEN ALL THE SHIPS WOULD ZIGZAG LIKE BIG FAT WATERBUGS SO THAT IF THE SUB FIRED AT A SHIP IT WOULD ZIG OFF TO PORT OR ZAG OFF TO STARBOARD AND FOOL THE TORPEDO. SOME DAYS WERE FINE AND SUNNY WITH THE OCEAN AS SMOOTH AS A LITTLE POND AND 20 MILES ALL AROUND THERE WOULD BE A PERFECT CIRCLE TO WHERE THE SKY CAME DOWN AND EVERYBODY WAS OUT ON DECK AND YOU COULD HEAR THE OLD ENGINES GOING CHUG! CHUG! LIKE A BIG SEWING MACHINE AND NEVER FEEL A THING. AND SOME DAYS THERE

WOULD BE A FINE MIST AND YOU COULDN'T SEE ANY OF THE OTHER SHIPS, AND SOME DAYS IT WAS ROUGH, AND CLEAR OUT WHERE THE SKY CAME DOWN YOU'D SEE THE WAVES AGAINST THE SKY LIKE LITTLE TOOTHs OF A SAW JUMPING UP AND DOWN. AND SOME DAYS THE OCEAN WAS AS BLUE AS MARY'S EYES AND SOME DAYS IT WAS AS GRAY AS TY COBB'S BASEBALL PANTS, SO YOU SEE THE OCEAN IS ALWAYS CHANGING. AND WHEN IT ISN'T ROUGH IT'S FINE, BUT WHEN THE OLD OCEAN GETS MAD THEN YOU CAN'T SLEEP BECAUSE ONE MINUTE YOUR HEAD IS WAY UP AND THE NEXT YOUR FEET ARE WAY UP. AND THEY HAVE TO PUT STRIPS OF WOOD UNDER THE TABLE CLOTH TO KEEP THE DISHES FROM FLYING OFF AT ONE END, AND DRINK YOUR SOUP OUT OF CUPS, AND THEN YOU CAN HAVE A FINE RACE WITH NAPKIN RINGS AND THEY GO ROLLING DOWN THE TABLE AND OVER THE STRIPS LIKE HURDLES.

THEY HAD A VERY FUNNY MESS BOY ON OUR SHIP AND HIS NAME WAS SILAS. HE WAS FROM PHILADELPHIA AND BLACK AS INK, WITH BIG WHITE TEETH, AND AT NIGHT ALL THE SHIP HAD TO BE DARK BECAUSE OF THE



THIS IS SILAS
IN THE DARK

SUBS AND YOU'D COME INTO THE DARK WARD-ROOM AND WANT SOMETHING TO DRINK OR EAT OR SMOKE. AND YOU COULDN'T SEE A THING AND YOU'D YELL "SILAS!" AND YOU'D HEAR HIM SAY "COMING, SAH!" AND THEN YOU'D SEE TWO ROWS OF WHITE AND YOU'D KNOW IT WAS SILAS' TEETH, FOR HE WAS ALWAYS SMILING. AND WHEN HE ENLISTED

SOMEONE TOLD HIM HE'D NEVER HAVE TO GO MORE THAN A HUNDRED MILES OUT TO SEA. AND THE FIRST TIME HE WENT ON BOARD THEY STARTED FOR FRANCE AND WERE HALF WAY OVER, SO SILAS THOUGHT THEY MUST HAVE GONE NEARLY A HUNDRED MILES AND HE WENT UP TO DR. BLAIR SPENCER WHO KNEW YOU WHEN YOU WERE A LITTLE BABY IN WASHINGTON. AND SILAS SAID, "DOCTOR SPENCER, WHEN I DONE 'LISTED IN DIS MAN'S NAVY THEY DONE TOLE ME I'D NEVER GET MORE DAN A HUNDRED MILES FROM SOUTH STREET, PHILADELPHIA." "WELL, WE'VE BEEN GOING EAST FROM PHILADELPHIA FIVE DAYS NOW, SILAS." SO SILAS SCRATCHED HIS HEAD AND LOOKED WISE AND SAID, "THEN YOU RECKON WE'S GONE MORE DAN A HUNDRED MILES?" "NEARLY FIFTEEN HUNDRED, SILAS." "LAWDY!" SAID SILAS. "DAT'S GOIN' SOME." AND THEN SOMEBODY CALLED HIM AND HE

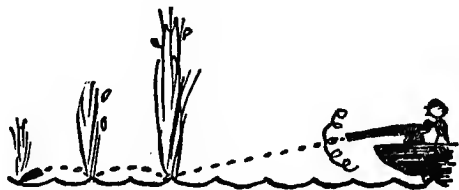
SHOWED HIS BIG WHITE TEETH, "COMIN', SAH!"

ONE NIGHT THE SUNSET WAS BEAUTIFUL, A GREAT BIG RED SUN LIKE AN ORANGE AND ONE OF THE BIG SHIPS WAS RIGHT IN FRONT OF IT AS THOUGH IT WAS IN A BIG ROUND FRAME AND THE SHIP LOOKED JUST LIKE A BIG CHINESE PAGODA IN A RED FRAME AND THAT NIGHT WE WERE ONLY THREE DAYS FROM FRANCE AND IN THE *DANGER ZONE* WHERE THE SUBS SINK SHIPS. AND THE NEXT MORNING ALONG CAME THE TORPEDO DESTROYERS TO TAKE US THROUGH THE DANGER ZONE, AND THE ONE THAT STEAMED ALONGSIDE OF US WAS ONE YOU SAW WHEN WE LIVED AT THE BROOKLYN NAVY YARD. BUT YOU NEVER WOULD HAVE KNOWN HER. SHE WAS ALL NICE AND GRAY THEN, BUT TO KEEP THE SUBS FROM SEEING HER THE BLUE-JACKETS HAD GOT EVERY KIND OF PAINT POT THEY COULD FIND AND YOU KNOW HOW SAIL-

ORS LIKE TO PAINT THINGS. SO THEY PAINTED HER SMOKE STACKS AN AWFUL BLOOD RED AND HER BOWS LIGHT BLUE AND HER STERN THE COLOR OF A LEMON, AND BETWEEN THE BOW AND THE STERN THEY HAD STRIPES AND SQUARES AND CIRCLES OF BLUE AND GREEN AND PINK AND YELLOW AND BROWN AND WHITE AND HER GUNS WERE BLACK AND GREEN AND YELLOW. AND SHE LOOKED LIKE A SILLY SEA ZEBRA OR AN OLD TRAMP AND SHE MADE US LAUGH. SO ALONG WE WENT JUST LIKE A BIG BOY THAT A TRAFFIC COP WAS LEADING BY THE HAND ACROSS FIFTH AVENUE, AND THE NEXT DAY WE SAW SIXTEEN MERCHANT SHIPS THAT WERE GOING FROM ENGLAND TO GIBRALTAR WITH ENGLISH STEAM FISHING BOATS CALLED TRAWLERS, WITH GUNS ON THEM, AND I HOPE THEY ALL GOT THERE. AND THAT DAY WE HAD A BIG SUB SCARE IN THE AFTERNOON. WE WERE STEAMING ALONG WITH THE SMOKE

FROM THE STACKS TRAILING BEHIND LIKE BIG BLACK FEATHERS AND THERE WERE BITS OF SEAWEED IN THE WATER ALONGSIDE AND A BIG SCHOOL OF LITTLE BLACK AND WHITE PORPOISES SWIMMING AND DIVING ALONG AT THE BOWS JUST LIKE A SEA GAME OF HIDE AND SEEK. AND THERE WERE NO DRILLS AND IT WAS WARM AND SUNNY AND THE MARINES AND BLUEJACKETS WERE SLEEPING ON DECK OR PLAYING CARDS OR HAVING FUN WITH THE DOGS AND THE LITTLE PINK PIG WITH THE KINKY TAIL AND THE WISE LOOKING OLD GOAT WITH THE WHITE BEARD, AND ONE OF THE DOGS WAS A WHITE ONE THE MARINES HAD BROUGHT UP FROM HAYTI AND HE COULD ONLY UNDERSTAND FRENCH, AND SILAS WAS CALLING "COMIN', SAH!" WHEN "Wow! WHEE! WOOF! WOOF! BRR! BUZZ! KIYI! WHOOP! WHEE! WHEE! WHEE! WHEE! YOW! WOOF!" WENT THE OLD SIREN. AND WE THOUGHT IT MIGHT BE A DRILL WHEN BANG!

BLUWIE! WENT A GUN. AND WHEN THE SHELL HIT THE WATER UP SHOT A GREEN AND WHITE FOUNTAIN AND THEN A LOT OF LITTLER FOUNTAINS WHERE THE SHELL WENT SKIPPING ALONG LIKE SKIMMING A STONE. SO I



THIS IS HOW THE SHOT
SKIPPED ON THE WATER

GUESS WE ALL FELT PRETTY QUEER LOOKING OVER THE RAIL FOR THE PERISCOPE OR A TORPEDO AND I WAS GLAD I DIDN'T HAVE TO HANG ONTO A CRULLER RAFT AND THE DESTROYERS WENT FLYING THROUGH THE SEA UNTIL THEIR DECKS WERE WET AND SHINY, AND THE SMOKE FROM THEIR STACKS WAS JUST LIKE PITTSBURGH AND SOME SHIPS ZIGGED AND SOME ZAGGED. AND THAT KEPT UP FOR HALF AN HOUR AND THEN THE CAP-

TAIN ORDERED THE BUGLER TO BLOW "CARRY ON" FOR THE DANGER WAS OVER. BUT THE CAPTAIN HAD SEEN SOMETHING STICKING UP OUT OF THE WATER THAT LOOKED LIKE A PERISCOPE AND THAT'S WHAT THE GUN HAD FIRED AT. AND IT MAY HAVE BEEN A PIECE OF MAST ONLY, BUT WE DIDN'T SEE IT AGAIN SO MAYBE IT WAS A SUB AND ANYWAY IT WAS JUST AS EXCITING. AND OUR GOOD OLD SHIP WENT RIGHT ALONG BUT IT WOULD HAVE BEEN FUNNY IF A GERMAN TIN LIZZIE HAD SUNK HER BECAUSE SHE WAS A SHIP THE NAVY TOOK FROM THE KAISER WHEN SHE SAILED INTO NORFOLK ONE DAY AFTER SINKING OR CAPTURING A LOT OF MERCHANT SHIPS. AND SHE WAS NAMED AFTER ONE OF THE KAISER'S SONS, NOT OLD RAT-FACE, AND THE SECRETARY NAMED HER AFTER A GENERAL AND THE BLUEJACKETS CALLED HER "THE OLD BUCKET" FOR SHORT. SHE USED TO SAIL OUT IN CHINA WATERS AND IF SHE

COULD TALK SHE COULD TELL LOTS OF QUEER THINGS. AND ALL THE CHINA HAD GERMAN ON IT AND ALL OVER THE SHIP WERE LONG FUNNY GERMAN NAMES. WELL, ONE NIGHT THE CAPTAIN TOLD US WE'D SEE FRANCE THE FIRST THING IN THE MORNING AND WE DID. EVERY NIGHT THE SHIP OFFICERS AND THE MARINE OFFICERS WOULD SIT IN A CORNER OF THE WARDROOM THAT WAS BLOCKED OFF BY CANVAS WHERE WE COULD HAVE A LIGHT THAT WOULDN'T SHOW, AND SMOKE AND PLAY CARDS AND TELL STORIES, SOME FUNNY AND SOME ABOUT EVERY PART OF THE WORLD YOU'D EVER HEARD OF. SO WE HAD A FAREWELL PARTY BECAUSE WE WERE ALL GOOD FRIENDS AND THEY HAD BEEN FINE TO US AND SILAS WAS VERY BUSY. THE NEXT MORNING DADDY LOOKED OUT OF HIS PORTHOLE AND SURE ENOUGH THERE WAS FRANCE! OUT ON THE END OF A LONG, HIGH RIDGE WAS A LIGHT HOUSE AND THEN A LIT-

TLE TOWN AND A LOT OF FISHING SMACKS
WITH RED SAILS AND A FRENCH GUNBOAT.
AND WE FOUND OUT AT BREAKFAST THAT
TWO SUBS WERE LAYING FOR US AT THE EN-
TRANCE TO THE BAY WHERE AN AIRSHIP HAD



THIS IS SILAS
VERY BUSY

SEEN THEM. SO WE SAILED A FEW MILES
OFF OUR COURSE AND WENT IN ANOTHER EN-
TRANCE. AND TWO OF THE DESTROYERS
WENT TO HUNT THE SUBS AND WE HEARD A
LOT OF FIRING AND THEY WOULDN'T TELL US
WHAT HAPPENED BECAUSE THEY'RE NOT AL-
LOWED TO TALK ABOUT IT. PRETTY SOON
THE BAY RAN INTO A RIVER AND BEFORE WE
KNEW IT WE WERE OFF A PRETTY BIG
FRENCH TOWN, AND SPLASH! WENT THE
ANCHOR AND WE COULD SEE THE PEOPLE

WALKING ALONG THE STREET THAT WAS NEXT TO THE RIVER, AND A LOT OF PRETTY COUNTRY AND WE WERE CRAZY TO GET ASHORE. AND IN THE AFTERNOON UP CAME THE ANCHOR AND WE HEADED IN FOR THE BIG WHARVES AND WE HAD TO GO THROUGH A BIG LOCK LIKE IN A CANAL. AND IT WAS GETTING DARK, SO WE ALL FORMED UP IN DOUBLE RANKS WITH THE BAND IN THE MIDDLE AND THE STREET ALONGSIDE THE LOCK AND THE WINDOWS THAT LOOKED OUT WERE JUST BLACK. WE DIDN'T KNOW IT, BUT NOVEMBER 1 IS FRENCH DECORATION DAY OR MEMORIAL DAY AND AFTER DECORATING ALL THEIR SOLDIERS' GRAVES AND THINKING ABOUT THEM I GUESS IT CHEERED THEM UP TO SEE A BIG SHIP COME IN LOADED WITH AMERICAN MARINES. SO DADDY TOLD THE BAND TO PLAY THE "MARSEILLAISE" FIRST, AND YOU SHOULD HAVE SEEN THOSE POOR PEOPLE. NEARLY ALL THE LADIES AND LIT-

TLE BOYS AND GIRLS WERE DRESSED IN BLACK, AND THE LITTLE BOYS TOOK OFF THEIR FUNNY CAPS AND THE FRENCH SOLDIERS PRESENTED ARMS OR SNAPPED THEIR HANDS UP TO THEIR HELMETS THE WAY DADDY TAUGHT YOU THEY DID AND THE MARINES AND BLUEJACKETS STOOD STIFF AS RAMRODS AND SOME OF THE FRENCH LADIES DABBED THEIR LITTLE HANDKERCHIEFS TO THEIR EYES AND THAT BEAUTIFUL MUSIC JUST MADE YOU TINGLE CLEAR DOWN TO YOUR TOES. THEN THE PEOPLE CHEERED AND CRIED "BRAVO!" AND THEN THE BAND PLAYED A LOT OF LIVELY TUNES AND RAG-TIME AND THAT MADE THEM LAUGH. AND ONE LITTLE BOY WITH A BLUE TAM'SHANTER CAP AND WOODEN SHOES AND A BLUE CAPE AND A LITTLE ROUND NOSE AND EYES AS BLACK AND BRIGHT AS NEW SHOE BUTTONS KEPT TIME WITH BOTH ARMS. AND EVERY TIME THE BAND WOULD STOP HE'D HOP UP

AND DOWN ON HIS WOODEN SHOES AND CRY
"BIS! BIS! ENCORE!" WHICH MEANS "DO IT
AGAIN, PLEASE." SO BY THE TIME WE GOT



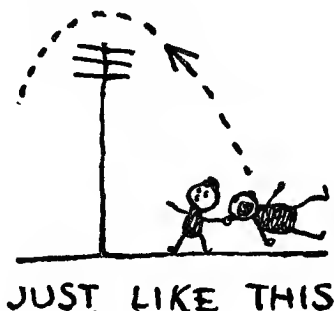
THIS IS HOW THE
LITTLE FRENCHER
LOOKED KEEPING TIME
WITH BOTH ARMS

OUT OF THE LOCK THEY WERE CHEERED UP
A LOT AND DADDY KNOWS THAT SAD AS THEY
WERE THEY COULD SEE THAT UNCLE SAM
MEANT BUSINESS AND THAT EVERYTHING
WOULD COME OUT RIGHT AND THAT THE
AMERICANS LOVED FRANCE TOO MUCH TO
LET THE WICKED OLD KAISER TAKE IT. AND
THEN THE BAND PLAYED "THE STAR-SPAN-
GLED BANNER," AND HOW THEY CHEERED,
AND THE LITTLE BOY GOT SO EXCITED HE

WOULD HAVE HOPPED RIGHT INTO THE LOCK IF HIS MOTHER HADN'T HELD ONTO HIS COAT TAILS. AND WE WERE STILL PLAYING IT WHEN WE PASSED ONE OF OUR BIG SHIPS THAT HAD A WHOLE REGIMENT ABOARD. AND YOU NEVER HEARD SUCH A RACKET. LOTS OF THEM WHISTLED WITH TWO FINGERS IN THEIR MOUTHS AND WITH ALL THEIR NOISE AND OUR BAND PLAYING THERE WAS NOISE ENOUGH TO SATISFY ANY LITTLE BOY. AND THAT NIGHT SOME OF US WENT ASHORE AND THE NEXT MORNING WE MARCHED DOWN THE GANGWAY AND FORMED ON THE DOCK. BUT THE REGIMENTAL COLORS WENT ASHORE FIRST AND THINK HOW BEAUTIFUL THEY LOOKED IN THE BRIGHT SUN OF FRANCE, AND WHAT BRAVE AND FINE THINGS THE MARINES WILL DO FOR THEM BEFORE WE COME HOME AGAIN. SO WE MARCHED UP PAST THE DOCKS AND THE SHIPS AND OUT THE BIG STREET ALONG THE RIVER UNTIL WE CAME TO THE

COUNTRY AND THEN PAST LITTLE STONE
HOUSES WITH MOSS ROOFS TO A BIG CAMP.
AND THERE WAS MAJOR HUGHES' BATTAL-
ION, THE BIG TALL FUNNY MAJOR WHO'S AL-
WAYS PLAYING JOKES AND LIKES LITTLE BOYS
LIKE YOU. AND HERE WE ARE. AND THERE'S
LOTS OF GERMAN PRISONERS WORKING ON
THE DOCKS AND ROADS AND FARMS WITH
GREENY-GRAY UNIFORMS AND FUNNY SHORT
BOOTS AND LITTLE PILL BOX CAPS WITH COL-
ORED BANDS. AND LOTS OF THEM WEAR
SPECKS AND LOOK LIKE PROFESSORS AND WE
WON'T DO A THING TO THEM. AND THE
TOWN IS FULL OF FRENCH AND AMERICAN
SOLDIERS AND SOME FRENCH WEAR THEIR
FIGHTING SKY BLUE UNIFORMS AND HEL-
METS AND LOTS WEAR RED BREECHES AND
CAPS AND ANY OLD THING. AND NOW
GOOD-BY, AND YOU MUST TAKE DAD-
DY'S PLACE AND BE A FINE LITTLE MAN.
AND FIRST AND LAST OF ALL, LOVE YOUR

PRETTY LITTLE MOTHER SO MUCH THAT SHE'LL WRITE DADDY AND SAY "YOU NEVER KNEW HOW KIND AND FINE TOWNIE IS AND NOT A BIT OF A TESSIE BECAUSE LAST TUESDAY I SAW HIM TAKE A BIG BOY BY THE EAR



AND THROW HIM CLEAR OVER A TELEPHONE POLE BECAUSE THE BIG BOY KICKED A LITTLE DOGGIE." AND WHEN MOTHER LOOKS SAD YOU JUST PUT YOUR ARMS AROUND HER AND TELL HER NOT TO WORRY BECAUSE YOU'LL PROTECT HER. GOOD-BY, SONNY, WITH LOVE AND A HUG.

YOUR DADDY,

PAT.

II

SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE,

DEC. 15, 1917.

DEAR SONNY:

HELLO, TOWNIE! HOW IS YOUR OLD STRAW HAT? WE LOVE OUR FRANCE, BUT OH, YOU CHEVY CHASE! YOU WOULD LIKE THE FRENCH BOYS AND GIRLS, THEY ARE VERY POLITE AND PRETTY, AND WEAR WOODEN SHOES IN THE COUNTRY, AS THEY ARE CHEAP AND EASY TO CLEAN AND KEEP THE MUD OUT OF THE HOUSES. THE COUNTRY IS BEAUTIFUL, WITH BIG TREES ALL ALONG THE ROADS AND LOTS OF ROSES. THERE ARE HUNDREDS OF LITTLE FARMS WHERE THE BOYS, WOMEN, AND OLD MEN WORK SO THAT THE FRENCH SOLDIERS CAN GO TO WAR AND KILL THE BAD GERMANS. IN CAMP AND

ON THE ROADS THERE ARE LOTS OF GERMAN AND AUSTRIAN PRISONERS IN THEIR UNIFORMS WITH BIG LETTERS PRINTED ON THEM LIKE THIS, P. G., WHICH IS THE FRENCH FOR PRISONER OF WAR. FRENCH SOLDIERS IN LIGHT BLUE, WITH GREAT BIG BAYONETS ON THEIR GUNS, GUARD THEM. LOTS OF FRENCH, CANADIAN, AND SERBIAN SOLDIERS COME TO TOWN ON LEAVE AND WEAR GAY UNIFORMS. SOME HAVE CAPS LIKE YOURS, AND SOME RED CAPS AND RED BREECHES. LOTS HAVE MEDALS FOR BRAVERY, AND ALL, EXCEPT THE POOR SOLDIERS WHO HAVE CRUTCHES AND BANDAGES, LOOK HAPPY AND FINE. THE FRENCH LOVE THEIR SOLDIERS AND THE FRENCH SOLDIERS ALL HAVE GIRLS, BUT THE FRENCH LADIES LOVE THE MARINES, TOO, AND ARE VERY KIND TO THEM, AND FLIRT. THE OTHER DAY A FRENCH LADY SAW DADDY AND WANTED TO BE KIND, SO SHE SAID "GOOD NIGHT." SHE MEANT TO SAY "GOOD EVE-

NING," BUT THAT WAS ALL THE AMERICAN WORDS SHE KNEW. SO DADDY WAS POLITE, TOO, AND SAID "GOOD NIGHT." AND THAT

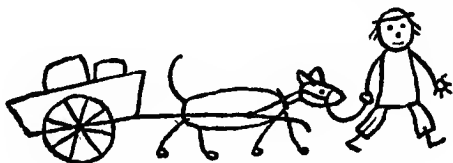


THIS IS THE FRENCH
LADY SAYING "GOOD
NIGHT." TO DADDY



THIS IS DADDY
SAYING "GOOD NIGHT"
TO THE FRENCH LADY

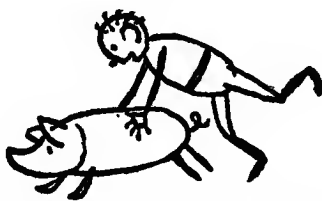
WAS ALL. IN THE TOWN ARE BIG STONE BUILDINGS, WITH NO GRASS IN FRONT, AND EVERY THING LOOKS VERY OLD. LADIES DRIVE THE



THIS IS A DOG CART

STREET-CARS AND TAKE UP THE TICKETS. THERE ARE LOTS OF CARTS PULLED BY DOGS, AND BIGGER ONES PULLED BY LITTLE HORSES.

THEY ONLY SELL CANDY AND CAKES THREE DAYS EACH WEEK, BUT THEY ARE AWFUL GOOD. OUT IN THE COUNTRY THE HOUSES ARE LITTLE STONE ONES, WITH STRAW ROOFS. THEY ARE VERY CLEAN AND NEAT, BUT COLD, BECAUSE WOOD AND COAL ARE HARD TO GET. THANKSGIVING DAY LOTS OF FRENCH PEOPLE CAME OUT TO SEE US PLAY FOOTBALL AND LAUGHED A LOT. THE MARINES HAD A TUG-OF-WAR. WHEN THEY FINISHED, ALL THE BOYS AND GIRLS GOT THE ROPE, AND ALL THE MARINES GOT AROUND AND THE CHILDREN



THIS IS THE MARINE
FALLING ON THE PIG

HAD A TUG-OF-WAR. THEN THE MARINES GOT A FAT PINK PIG AND COVERED HIM WITH GREASE AND HAD A PIG CHASE. THEY COULD

NOT HOLD HIM UNTIL THE GREASE WORE OFF, AND A BIG MARINE WITH RED HAIR FELL ON HIM AS YOU FALL ON A FOOTBALL. SO CASEY'S COMPANY HAS THE PIG IN A LITTLE HOUSE FULL OF STRAW, AND WHEN HE'S FAT ENOUGH THEY'LL EAT HIM; AND THEY CALL HIM CASEY, BECAUSE ALL PIGS ARE IRISH. AND REMEMBER, SONNY, THAT YOU MUST TAKE GOOD CARE OF YOUR PRETTY MOTHER WHILE DADDY IS IN FRANCE, AND THAT A SOLDIER IS NO GOOD WHO DOES NOT TAKE CARE OF HIS MOTHER. WITH A TON OF LOVE.

DADDY.

III

FRANCE,
JANUARY 25, 1918.

DEAR SONNY:

"COMMENT CA VA, MON BRAVE GARCON?"
THAT'S REAL FRENCH, AND MEANS, "HOW
GOES IT WITH MY BRAVE LITTLE SCOUT?"
AND WHEN I SAY IT TO THE KIDS HERE,
THEY SALUTE THE FRENCH WAY, WITH THE
INSIDE OF THEIR HAND TURNED OUT AND

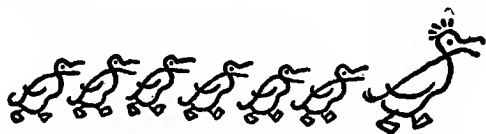


SOMETIMES A DIRTY LITTLE THUMB STUCK
OUT LIKE THIS——AND THEY SMILE AND
SAY, "TRÈS BIEN, MONSIEUR LE COMMAND-
ANT," WHICH MEANS, "VERY WELL, MR.

THE MAJOR." I'LL TELL YOU ALL ABOUT THE KIDS AND THEIR FUNNY LITTLE TOWN AND THE COWS AND THE DUCKS AND THE DOGGIES THE NEXT TIME I WRITE, BUT I PROMISED TO WRITE YOU ABOUT THE FUNNY CHOO-CHOO THAT BROUGHT THE MARINES ALL THE WAY FROM NEAR THE SEA, THAT IS SO FULL OF SUNKEN OLD SUBS THAT THE SHARKS SCRAPE ALL THE FUR OFF THEIR TUMMIES AT NIGHT, CLEAR UP TO THE MOUNTAINS, WHERE ONCE IN A WHILE DADDY CAN HEAR THE BIG FRENCH GUNS BANGING AWAY AT THE NASTY OLD GERMAN.

WE GOT UP BEFORE THE SUN AND PACKED ALL UP, AND IT TOOK 50 BIG TRUCKS TO GET IT ALL TO A NICE LITTLE STATION CALLED "CARBON BLANC," WHICH MEANS "WHITE COAL." AND THEN DADDY YELLED, "FALL IN! SQUADS RIGHT! MARCH!" AND AWAY WE WENT BEHIND THE BAND PLAYING, "OH,

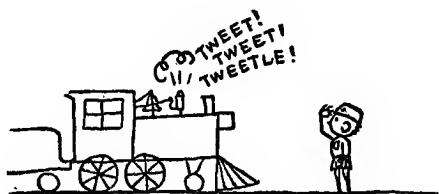
BOY! OH, JOY! WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE?" AND I COULD HEAR THE OLD GENERAL DUCK AND ALL THE LITTLE DUCKS QUACKING IN FRENCH, AND I THINK THEY WERE SAYING, "GOOD-BYE AND GOOD LUCK";



THIS IS GENERAL DUCK
AND ALL THE LITTLE DUCKS
QUACKING IN FRENCH

AND IF THE OLD GENERAL COULD HAVE GOT HIS LITTLE RED CAP WITH THE GOLD OAK LEAVES OFF, I THINK HE WOULD HAVE WAVED IT, BECAUSE THE MARINES WERE VERY KIND TO HIM; BUT IT WAS TIED ON TIGHT BEHIND HIS EARS, SO HE COULDN'T. THEN WE MARCHED AWAY WITH THE RIFLES AND PACKS, ALL KEEPING STEP DOWN A BEAUTIFUL ROAD WITH FRENCH TREES, AND OVER A STONE BRIDGE, AND THROUGH THE VILLAGE WITH RED ROOFS, TO THE STATION.

AND THEY HAD A TRAIN WITH 64 CARS—THE LONGEST TRAIN IN FRANCE. THEN WE LOADED ON, AND EACH COMPANY PUT A STOVE IN A BAGGAGE-CAR, WITH THE SMOKE PIPE STICKING OUT THE SIDE DOOR, AND IT LOOKED FUNNY. BUT WHILE THE MEN WERE WORKING, THE COOKS GOT BUSY, AND WE ALL DRANK HOT COFFEE OUT OF THE TIN CUPS, AND ATE FRENCH STEW OUT OF THE MESS-TINS AND HARDTACK. THEN THE MEN GOT IN THE FUNNY CARS. WE THOUGHT THEY'D PUT US IN BOX-CARS THAT CARRY 40 MEN AND EIGHT HORSES, BUT NO, BOY; THEY HAD NICE CARS ALL DIVIDED INTO THREE OR FOUR PARTS, WITH SEATS, AND CURTAINS FOR THE WINDOWS, AND IT WAS



THIS IS DADDY LOOKING FOR THE BIRD

VERY NICE. THEN THE LITTLE WHISTLE WENT "TWEET! TWEET! TWEETLE!" AND AT FIRST DADDY THOUGHT IT WAS A LITTLE RED BIRD UP ON THE ENGINE, SO HE LOOKED, AND THERE WAS A FRENCH SOLDIER SITTING IN THE CAB WINDOW PULLING THE BELL-ROPE. AND THE BUGLER SERGEANT SOUNDED "FALL IN!" AND OFF WE WENT, BUT WE DIDN'T SING "OH, BOY!" BECAUSE WE WERE OFF TO THE WAR AND VERY SERIOUS. AND WHEN WE WOKE UP THE NEXT DAY, THE GROUND WAS COVERED WITH SNOW. AND THERE WERE SEVEN OTHER OFFICERS IN DADDY'S PART OF THE CAR AND AN OIL-STOVE. ONE



THE BIG FAT OFFICER SNORING.

OF THE OFFICERS WAS BIG AS UNCLE BUCK, AND TOOK UP AN AWFUL LOT OF ROOM AND SNORED, BUT WE ALL CURLED UP SOME WAY

AND DIDN'T CARE. EVERY ONCE IN A WHILE THE TRAIN STOPPED AND THE MARINES GOT OFF TO EXERCISE; AND TWICE EVERY DAY WE STOPPED FOR AN HOUR, AND FRENCH SOLDIERS BROUGHT HOT COFFEE IN CANVAS BUCKETS. AND IT WAS FINE WEATHER, AND WE STOPPED AT A LITTLE FRENCH TOWN CALLED ARGENT, WHICH MEANS "SILVER," AND ON ONE SIDE WAS A BROWN RIVER WITH WILLOW-TREES ALL SILVER WITH THE SNOW.



THE BIG FRENCH GIRLS
THROWING SNOW BALLS
AND KISSES

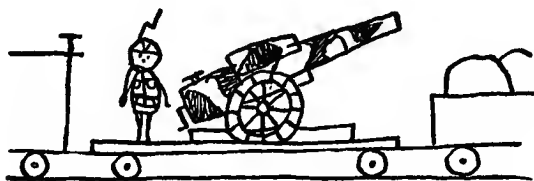
AND ON THE OTHER SIDE, RIGHT ABOVE THE TRAIN, WAS A BIG HIGH BLUFF LIKE A LITTLE HILL, AND A LOT OF BIG FRENCH GIRLS UP THERE THREW SNOW-BALLS DOWN AT THE

MARINES, AND THEY THREW BACK; AND WHEN THE LITTLE WHISTLE WENT "TWEET! TWEET! TWEETLE!" AND THE BUGLE WENT "TARUM-TARUM-TARUM!" SOME OF THE MARINES THREW KISSES UP THE BLUFF, AND THE BIG FRENCH GIRLS THREW THEM DOWN. AND WE WENT BY LITTLE TOWNS WITH NO FRONT YARDS AND ALL CLEAN AS NEW PINS, AND PEOPLE WAVED AND CHEERED, AND WE WAVED BACK AND SAILED HARDTACK OUT OF THE WINDOWS TO THE KIDS. AND WE PASSED A TRAIN FULL OF FRENCH SOLDIERS WITH TIN HATS, ALL HAPPY COMING BACK FROM THE TRENCHES TO SEE THEIR PRETTY WIVES. AND A MARINE TRADED HIS OLD CAMPAIGN



HAT FOR A TIN HAT TO A FRENCH SOLDIER, WHO HAD BIG YELLOW WHISKERS AND A BIG YELLOW MUSTACHE AND LOOKED LIKE A STARFISH, LIKE THIS. AND THEN WHAT DO YOU THINK WENT BY? A BIG LOCOMOTIVE WITH AMERICAN SOLDIERS IN THE CAB RUNNING IT! AND EVERYBODY CHEERED. THEN WE PUT A CAN OF RED TOMATOES ON THE OIL-STOVE AND COOKED IT, AND BOUGHT A COLD CHICKEN AND A LOAF OF WAR BREAD, ALMOST AS TALL AS YOU, AND HAD A FINE TIME, AND A BOTTLE OF RED INK THAT COST 50 CENTS. AND ALL THE TIME THE LITTLE OLD CHOO-CHOO TRAIN AND THE 64 CARS WERE GETTING CLOSER TO THE WAR; BUT IT WAS GOING UP HILL, AND THE LITTLE "TWEET!-TWEET!-TWEETLE!" WHISTLE ALMOST DIED, BECAUSE IT HAD NO STEAM TO BLOW IT AND IT SOUNDED LIKE A LITTLE SICK PUSSYCAT. SO WE GOT ANOTHER ENGINE AND HAD TWO

WHISTLES, THEN, AND SO AWAY WE WENT AND EVERYBODY CHEERED. AND THEN WE SAW TWO AIRPLANES FLYING, AND CARS WITH BIG GUNS ALL PAINTED GRAY AND GREEN AND YELLOW GOING UP TOO TO KILL THE NASTY



THE BIG GUN ON THE CAR

GERMANS. AND IT GOT SO STEEP THAT THE MARINES COULD HOP OFF AND RUN AND KEEP UP AND GET GOOD EXERCISE. AND WE SAW A LOT OF STONE BARRACKS THAT WERE THERE BEFORE THE WAR, AND A LOT MORE OF WOODEN BARRACKS THAT WERE NEW. AND WE HAD COFFEE IN A TOWN CALLED JAMAIS, WHICH MEANS "NEVER," IN FRANCE; AND THERE WERE LOTS OF AMERICAN SOLDIERS, AND DADDY SAW AN AWFUL PRETTY FRENCH

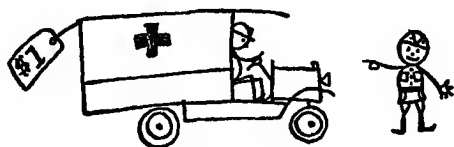
GIRL WHO HAD SCHOOL-BOOKS UNDER HER ARMS AND AN ARMY DEVICE ON HER HAT. AND WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THAT? MAYBE THE SOLDIER WILL MARRY HER AFTER THE WAR, AND THEY WILL GO TO FLATBUSH AND LIVE NEAR THE NAVY YARD. AND THE NEXT TIME WE STOPPED, DADDY MADE THE MEN HEAT WATER ON THE STOVES IN THE CAR TO SHAVE, AND SWEEP OUT ALL THE CARS, SO EVERYBODY WOULD LOOK NICE WHEN WE GOT OUT, AND PEOPLE WOULD



OH THEY ARE THE 6TH MARINES!

SAY, "OH, THEY ARE THE 6TH MARINES!" AND THEN THERE WERE NOT SO MANY TOWNS, ONLY LITTLE VILLAGES, HALF AS BIG AS CHEVY CHASE, AND OLD GRAY HOUSES, AND SOME CASTLES ALMOST AS BIG AS THE

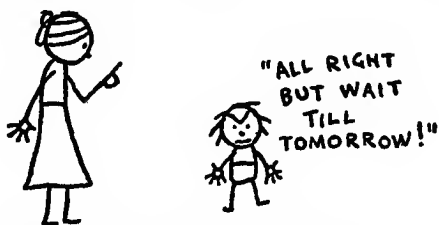
VILLAGES. AND LATE ONE NIGHT WE GOT TO WHERE BRIGADIER GENERAL DOYEN LIVES, AND STAYED ON BOARD ALL NIGHT; AND THAT MADE 2 DAYS AND 3 NIGHTS, AND THE BIG OFFICER KEPT RIGHT ON SNORING ALL 3 NIGHTS. AND THE NEXT MORNING WAS BEAUTIFUL AND NO SNOW, AND WE MADE OUR OWN HOT COFFEE AND ATE UP ALL THE CANNED WILLIE, WHICH THE MARINES ALL SAY IS CANNED BILLY-GOAT, AND THE BEANS AND HARDTACK, AND GOT UNLOADED. AND WHAT DO YOU THINK WAS ONE THING WE UNLOADED? THE LITTLE OLD FORD AMBU-



WHAT DO YOU THINK?

LANCE THAT A NICE RICH LADY GAVE TO DADDY IN NEW YORK, AND DADDY GAVE TO YOUR PRETTY LADY-PEACH MOTHER, AND MOTHER SOLD TO THE MARINE CORPS FOR

A DOLLAR IF THEY'D CROSS THEIR HEART TO SEND IT OVER TO FRANCE WITH THE REGIMENT. AND THE COLOR SERGEANTS GOT THE TWO BEAUTIFUL FLAGS, AND AWAY WE WENT WITH THE BAND PLAYING "OH, BOY"; AND WHEN WE WENT PAST THE GENERAL THEY PLAYED "SEMPER FIDELIS." AND THE GENERAL HAD A SILVER STAR ON EACH SHOULDER AND A REAL GOLD HAT-CORD, AND EVERYBODY SALUTED, AND HE SALUTED, AND I GUESS HE THOUGHT THE OLD REGIMENT LOOKED FINE. AND THEN WE LEFT THE TOWN, AND I CAN'T WRITE THE NAME BE-



MOTHER NEVER LETS YOU
SWEAR ON SUNDAY

CAUSE MOST OF IT SOUNDS LIKE A SWEAR-WORD, AND YOU MIGHT GET THIS ON SUN-

DAY, AND MOTHER NEVER LETS YOU SWEAR ON SUNDAY, BUT IT'S LIKE THE WORD IN KIPLING THAT STARTS, "AS I WAS A-SPITTING INTO THE DITCH ALONGSIDE OF THE CROCODILE, I SEED A MAN ON A MAN-O'-WAR DRESSED UP IN THE REG'LARS STYLE"; AND THEN IT TELLS ALL ABOUT THE BULLET, AND IT'S A D—— TOUGH BULLET TO CHEW. AND NOW YOU KNOW THE FIRST PART OF THE NAME. AND WE MARCHED ABOUT TWO MILES, AND HERE WE ARE; AND I'LL TELL YOU ALL ABOUT IT IN A FEW DAYS, AND IT'S VERY NICE, BUT NOT AS NICE AS CHEVY CHASE, AND THERE'S NOT MUCH SNOW, AND THE KIDS HAVE NO SLEDS. AND YOUR PRETTY MOTHER SAYS YOU'RE A FINE BRAVE BOY, AND KIND TO DOGGIES AND BIRDIES, AND KNOW HOW TO PLAY FOOTBALL; AND DADDY IS VERY HAPPY ABOUT IT. AND SHE SAYS SOMETIMES SHE JUST CAN'T HELP IT AND CRIES, BECAUSE SHE MISSES DADDY SO, AND THEN

YOU PUT YOUR ARMS AROUND HER AND KISS
HER AND COMFORT HER, AND DADDY LOVES
YOU FOR THAT AND THINKS YOU'RE JUST AS



MOTHER SAYS YOU'RE
A FINE BRAVE BOY

FINE AS LITTLE WEE WILLIE WINKIE, WHO
CHASED THE BAD MANS AWAY FROM THE
LADY PEACH. SO GOOD NIGHT, TOWNIE
BOY, AND A BIG KISS AND A LOVE TO GIVE TO
YOUR PRETTY MOTHER.

DADDY PAT.

AND I BET THAT'S NEARLY 2,000 WORDS,
BECAUSE MY HAND IS AWFUL TIRED, BUT
IT'S FUN.

IV

A LITTLE TOWN IN FRANCE,
FEBRUARY 26, 1918.

DEAR TOWNIE:

I TOLD YOU I WOULD WRITE YOU SO YOU COULD KNOW ABOUT THE KIDS IN THIS FUNNY LITTLE TOWN, BUT DADDY HAS BEEN TERRIBLY BUSY AND COULD NOT WRITE SOONER. THERE ARE ONLY 350 PEOPLE HERE AND MORE COWS AND HORSES THAN PEOPLE, GREAT BIG FAT COWS, THAT LOOK LIKE FERRY-BOATS, AND THE HORSES HAVE LONG HAIR LIKE CAMELS. EVERY NIGHT WHEN DADDY COMES DOWN THE HILL AT FIVE O'CLOCK, JUST WHEN YOU AND PRETTY MOTHER AND OLD FAT JOE AND AUNT ESTELLE AND CAPTAIN BUCK ARE HAVING LUNCH AT HOME, THE STREET IS FULL OF COWS GOING TO WATER IN A BIG STONE TROUGH JUST ACROSS

FROM THE DOCTOR'S OFFICE. AND THE GIRLS DRIVE THEM DOWN WITH STICKS, AND THE OLD COWS RUN AWAY, AND THEN THE TOWN IS FULL OF NOISE. THE GIRLS WEAR WOODEN SHOES, SO THEY HAVE A TIME CATCHING THE COWS; AND THEY YELL AT THEM IN FRENCH, BECAUSE THE COWS ONLY KNOW FRENCH. SOME OF THE GIRLS ARE NOT MUCH BIGGER THAN YOU, AND THERE IS ONE WHO IS BUILT JUST LIKE BLUEY, WHO PLAYED CENTER AT PRINCETON WITH HOBEY BAKER; SHE GETS AWFUL MAD AND WHACKS THE COWS WITH A BIG STICK; AND THEN THE MARINES CHEER, AND SHE GOES FLYING THROUGH THE MUD, AND WHACKS THE POOR OLD COWS ALL THE HARDER. BUT THE FUNNIEST ARE OUR MULES. WE HAVE 230 TO HAUL THE WAGONS AND THE MACHINE-GUNS, AND MOST OF THEM ARE IN THIS TOWN. SOME OF THEM ARE PRETTY SMALL, AND THE OTHER DAY A LITTLE ONE SAW A BROOM IN A DOORWAY.

HE WAS HUNGRY, SO HE STARTED FOR IT, AND THE FRENCH LADY PICKED IT UP TO SCARE HIM AWAY AND WAVED IT AT HIM; BUT THE LITTLE MULE CAME RIGHT ALONG BECAUSE HE THOUGHT IT WAS STRAW; AND HE CHASED HER THROUGH THE DOOR, AND GOT

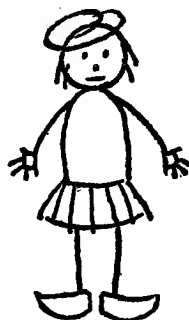


AND THIS IS THE LITTLE
MULE CHASING THE FRENCH
LADY WITH THE BROOM.

INTO THE DINING-ROOM AND CHASED HER AROUND THE TABLE, AND SHE DROPPED THE BROOM AND RAN OUT IN THE STREET YELLING A LOT OF THINGS IN FRENCH. SO THE MARINES HAD TO TAKE THE BROOM AWAY FROM THE LITTLE MULE AND TAKE HIM BACK TO HIS STABLE. AND THE OTHER DAY, DADDY SAW TWO LITTLE MULES COMING DOWN THE STREET DRAGGING A BIG DOOR BE-

HIND THEM. THEY HAD BEEN TIED TO THE DOOR OF A STABLE; AND WHEN THE DRIVER WENT AWAY AND LEFT THEM THEY GOT THIRSTY, SO THEY PULLED AWAY UNTIL THEY PULLED THE OLD DOOR OFF ITS HINGES, AND AWAY THEY WENT FOR THE WATER-TROUGH. AND THERE'S ONE MULE THAT IS BLUE, AND HE'S THE BEST. AND YOU NEVER SAW SO MANY DUCKS AND GEESE WADDLING ABOUT. THERE'S ONE LITTLE KID DRESSED IN GRAY LIKE A SERGEANT, AND HE ALWAYS GETS MAD BECAUSE I CALL HIM "CORPORAL." HE LOVES TO GET TWO OR THREE KIDS AND TRY TO CATCH A BIG FAT OLD GOOSE, BUT THEY CAN'T; SO I TOLD HIM TO GET SOME SALT, AND HE SAID HE WOULD. BUT THE SALT OVER HERE IS VERY COARSE, AND PERHAPS IT WON'T STAY ON THE OLD GOOSE'S TAIL LONG ENOUGH FOR THE BOY TO CATCH HIM. NEARLY ALL THE KIDS WEAR SOLDIER-CLOTHES, BECAUSE THEIR DADDIES ARE AT THE

WAR, AND THEY ALL WEAR WOODEN SHOES;
AND THE LITTLE GIRLS ARE FAT AND CUTE,
AND HAVE THE ROSIEST CHEEKS YOU EVER
SAW. THEY ARE VERY POLITE, BUT THE



THIS IS A
LITTLE FRENCHER
WITH
WOODEN SHOES

NICEST ONE IS NAMED MARIE. SHE'S AL-
MOST SIX AND A HALF, AND LIVES IN A LIT-
TLE STONE HOUSE ONLY ONE STORY HIGH
WITH HER GRANDMOTHER. DADDY GOES IN
THERE SOMETIMES TO SEE COLFORD AND
PERIN, WHO ARE OUR INTERPRETERS. AND
THE DOOR IS LIKE A GATE, AND INSIDE IS A BIG
ROOM WITH A STONE FLOOR AND LOW CEIL-

ING AND A GREAT BIG FIREPLACE. AND I SAY, "BON JOUR, GRANDMÈRE," AND THEY SAY "BON JOUR, M'SIEU;" AND I SAY, "HELLO, PETITE!" AND MARIE LOOKS UP OUT OF THE CORNER OF HER EYE AND SMILES. AND SHE HAS A BIG DIMPLE AND BLACK EYES AND BLACK CURLS AND A VERY SOFT VOICE, AND SHE IS ALWAYS SITTING BY THE FIRE WITH HER HANDS FOLDED IN HER LAP. AND WHEN GRANDMA WAS A BIG GIRL THE OLD GERMANS CAME HERE; AND SHE HEARD THEY WERE COMING, SO SHE GOT ALL HER DADDY'S HORSES AND JUMPED ON ONE AND RODE THEM OUT INTO THE WOODS AND HID THEM THERE TILL THE GERMANS WENT AWAY. I DON'T THINK THE KIDS HAVE AS MUCH FUN AS YOU DO, BUT THEY LIKE TO GET LITTLE CARTS AND HAUL STONES AND PLAY IN THE GUTTERS AFTER THE RAIN. THEY ALL HAVE FINE BARNES TO PLAY IN, BECAUSE A HOUSE HERE IS HALF HOUSE AND

HALF BARN—RIGHT ALONGSIDE OF EACH OTHER. BUT OVER IN A LITTLE TOWN NEAR HERE, WHERE THE MACHINE-GUN COMPANY IS,—AND IT'S THE BEST COMPANY IN FRANCE,—THEY HAVE TWO FUNNY PETS. THEY ARE FAT PINK LITTLE PIGS, AND THE BIGGEST IS "LA LA" AND THE LITTLEST IS "OUI OUI," BECAUSE THAT MEANS "YES, YES" IN ENGLISH AND SOUNDS LIKE "WEE WEE." AND DON'T YOU REMEMBER THE WHITE DOG THE MACHINE-GUN COMPANY HAD AT QUANTICO, THAT CAME FROM HAITI AND ONLY KNOWS FRENCH TALK? HIS NAME IS OUANAMINTHE, FROM A TOWN IN HAITI WHERE MASE GULICK USED TO LIVE, AND HE RAN AWAY THE OTHER DAY; AND WHEN HE CAME BACK THEY TRIED HIM BY A COURT MARTIAL AND TOOK HIS MEAT AWAY FOR A WHOLE DAY. EACH TOWN HAS LOTS OF DOGS, BUT THE NICEST HERE IS A FAT, WOOLLY LITTLE FELLOW THAT BELONGS

TO THE SUPPLY COMPANY. HE HAS A LITTLE HARNESS WITH BELLS ON, AND PLAYS ALL DAY, AND COMES UP TO THE OFFICE TO SEE ME; THOUGH I DON'T SEE HOW HE EVER GETS UP, BECAUSE THE STAIRS ARE AWFUL STEEP AND HIS LEGS ARE SO SHORT. AND BILLY MOORE, WHO PLAYED HALF-BACK AT PRINCETON AND CAN BEAT JOHNNY OVERTON IN A SHORT RACE, HAS THE BEST DOG OF ALL. HE'S A BIG POLICE-DOG, AND COST \$1,000, AND HIS NAME IS GRAF. HE ONLY LIKES ONE PERSON AT A TIME, AND HE WAS LOST FOR A WHOLE WEEK WHEN HIS BATTALION LANDED. BUT I THINK THE LITTLE MULES ARE THE MOST COMICAL; THEY HAVE SUCH LONG EARS AND LOOK SO GOOD, AND ALL THE TIME THEY ARE THINKING OF SOMETHING FUNNY TO DO. AND THEY CAN KICK RIGHT THROUGH A BIG BOARD.

PRETTY SOON I'LL WRITE AND TELL YOU HOW WE GO MARCHING, EVEN IF IT'S RAIN-

ING LITTLE PUPPY-DOGS, SO THAT WHEN THE OLD GERMANS START TO RUN BACK TO BERLIN WE CAN CATCH THEM AND PUT THEM ALL IN JAIL WHERE THEY BELONG. AND MOTHER SAYS YOU'RE KIND AND GENTLE TO HER AND LOVE HER AND TALK TO HER ABOUT DADDY AND ALL THE GOOD TIMES WE HAD, AND SAY FUNNY THINGS TO MAKE HER LAUGH. THAT'S FINE, SONNY! AND KEEP IT UP, AND YOU'LL BE A MAN BEFORE FAT AUNT LOUISE IS. GOOD NIGHT, DEAR LITTLE SON. IT'S JUST HALF PAST NINE HERE, AND ONLY HALF PAST FOUR AT CHEVY CHASE, SO I KNOW YOU'RE GETTING HUNGRY. GIVE PRETTY MOTHER A BIG LOVE AND A KISS FROM DADDY AND ANOTHER FOR YOURSELF.

DADDY PAT.



THIS IS DADDY
IN HIS TIN HAT.

V

FRANCE,

MARCH 12, 1918.

DEAR TOWNIE:

WE'RE NEARLY ALL PACKED UP, AND THE NEXT LETTER DADDY WRITES WILL TELL YOU ALL ABOUT AËROPLANE FLIGHTS, AND THE BIG GUNS, AND FRENCH SOLDIERS, AND FRENCH TOWNS THAT THE BAD GERMANS HAD EARLY IN THE WAR BEFORE THE FRENCHERS AND THE FOREIGN LEGION DROVE THEM OUT; SO THEY WON'T BE PRETTY LITTLE TOWNS LIKE THIS, BUT LIKE THE PICTURES MOTHER CAN SHOW YOU IN THE SUNDAY PAPERS. BUT I PROMISED TO TELL YOU ALL ABOUT THE MARINES ON LONG HIKEs AND HOW WE LEARN TO LICK THE OLD GERMANS WITH THEIR SQUARE HEADS. NEARLY EVERY DAY WE'D START OUT ABOUT SIX OR SEVEN O'CLOCK AND NOT GET

BACK TILL ALMOST DARK. AND IT DIDN'T MAKE ANY DIFFERENCE IF IT WAS RAINING ALL DAY OR SNOW ON THE GROUND OR SUNNY. AND MOST OF THE TIME THERE WASN'T ENOUGH SUN TO WARM A PUSSY-CAT'S TAIL, BUT THE WIND WAS COLD AND BLOWING, AND SNOW ON THE HILLS, AND THE ROADS FULL OF MUD. SO POOR OLD DADDY WOULD GET UP WHEN IT WAS STILL DARK, AND SHAVE BY THE LIGHT OF A LITTLE LAMP, AND HAVE A FIRE AND THEN SOME WAR BREAD AND A POT OF CHOCOLATE OR COFFEE, AND PUT ON TWO SWEATERS AND HEAVY SOCKS AND THINGS ON HIS WRISTS AND BIG SHOES, WITH NAILS ALL OVER THE BOTTOM, AND THEN A WEB BELT, WITH STRAPS OVER THE SHOULDERS, AND HANG ON A CANTEEN AND A PISTOL AND GLASSES, AND THEN A PRETTY LIGHT-BLUE FRENCH GAS-MASK OVER THE RIGHT SHOULDER, AND A BIG BROWN BRITISH ONE OVER THE LEFT SHOULDER. AND THEN HE'D PUT ON

ONE OF MOTHER'S WOOL HELMETS OVER HIS HEAD AND EARS, AND TAKE HIS FUNNY TIN HAT OFF THE HOOK AND PUT THE STRAP UNDER HIS CHIN. AND IF YOU DON'T WEAR SOMETHING UNDER THE TIN HAT, IT TICKLES AWFUL AND YOU WANT TO TAKE IT OFF ALL



THIS IS HOW DADDY
FELT WITH ALL
HIS THINGS ON

THE TIME AND SCRATCH. THEN HE'D PUT ON HIS SLICKER, OR PONCHO, TO KEEP THE RAIN AND WIND OUT, AND HIS SPURS; AND THE ORDERLY WOULD BRING HIS HORSE UP, AND DADDY HAD SO MUCH CLOTHES ON AND SO MANY THINGS HUNG ON HIM THAT HE FELT LIKE A CHRISTMAS-TREE, AND COULD HARDLY GET ON HIS HORSE. YOU OUGHT TO SEE THE PRETTY FRENCH HORSE DADDY HAS, JUST

THE COLOR OF A LIGHT HORSE-CHESTNUT. FIRST I HAD AN OLD BUCKSKIN CALLED BUCK, BUT HE WAS TOO FAT AND MADE AS MUCH NOISE, WHEN HE GALLOPED, AS 20 HORSES. SO I GOT THE NEW HORSE AND CALLED HIM LEGION; BUT HE LIKES TO DANCE AND CUT UP, AND I GOT TO SAYING, "OH, BOY!" ALL THE TIME; SO NOW I CALL HIM "OH BOY."

SOMETIMES WE'D START FROM THIS TOWN, AND SOMETIMES FROM ANOTHER TOWN. AND ALL THE MARINES WOULD MARCH FROM THE OTHER LITTLE TOWNS AND HALT ON THE ROADS JUST AT THE EDGE OF THE TOWN. THEN THE MAJORS WOULD GALLOP UP TO THE COLONEL AND SALUTE; AND HE'D GIVE ORDERS, AND AWAY WE WOULD START. THERE'D BE ONE BIG BATTALION AND THEN THE MACHINE-GUNS AND THEN THE OTHER TWO AND THE DOCTOR'S AMBULANCES AND THEN THE FUNNY ROLLING KITCHENS, ONE FOR EACH COMPANY, TO MAKE HOT COFFEE AND HOT

STEW; BUT THE MARINES WOULD ALWAYS CALL IT "HOT SLUM." AND YOU OUGHT TO SEE THE FUNNY LITTLE MULES DRAGGING THE MACHINE-GUNS, WITH THE DRIVERS WALKING ALONGSIDE. THE MULES ARE FINE, AND THE MEN ARE VERY KIND TO THEM, BECAUSE THEY'RE COMICAL AND ALWAYS DOING FUNNY THINGS. AND THEY'RE TEN TIMES AS PLUCKY AS HORSES. THEY'D ONLY HAVE TWO LITTLE MULES ON THE ROLLING KITCHENS THAT WEIGHED A TON; AND SOMETIMES THEY'D GET STUCK GOING UP HILL, BUT KEEP RIGHT ON PULLING AS IF THEY WERE GOING STRAIGHT ON TO EAT UP THE OLD KAISER. SO THE MARINES WOULD GRAB THE WHEELS AND YELL, "LET'S GO, MULES!" AND UP THEY'D GO. AND THEN THE SCOUTS WOULD COME BACK THROUGH THE WOODS WHERE THEY'D SEEN THE "ENEMY," AND THE COLONEL WOULD SEND THE MOUNTED ORDERLIES GALLOPING OFF WITH ORDERS, AND THEN THE MARINES

WOULD SPREAD OUT IN LINES, AND THE BATTLE WOULD BEGIN. BUT THE ENEMY WAS ALWAYS THE 5TH MARINES, SO THERE WAS NO



THIS IS A SCOUT COMING
THROUGH THE WOODS

REAL SHOOTING; AND DADDY WOULD GALLOP UP TO THE MACHINE-GUNS WITH ORDERS, AND THE LITTLE MULES WOULD GALLOP WITH THE GUNS, AND THE MEN WOULD WHIP AND HELP AND THEN TRAIN THE GUNS ON THE ENEMY SO THE BATTALIONS COULD RUSH AHEAD AND DRIVE THEM BACK. AFTER IT WAS OVER, THE MEN WOULD GET THEIR MEAT-CANS AND CANTEEN CUPS OUT AND LINE UP, AND DADDY WOULD GET TWO SANDWICHES AND A HARD-BOILED EGG, OUT OF HIS SADDLE-BAGS, AND A CUP OF HOT COFFEE. AND THEN THE COLONEL WOULD TELL THE MAJORS HOW ALL THE

BATTLE WENT, AND IF THEY DIDN'T DO QUITE RIGHT; AND THEN HE'D SAY, "MARCH YOUR OUTFITS HOME!" AND THEY'D SALUTE AND SAY, "AYE, AYE, SIR!" JUST THE WAY THE MARINES DO ABOARD SHIP, AND AWAY THEY'D GO. ONE COMPANY HAD ALL THE MARINES WHO COULD PLAY MOUTH-ORGANS MARCHING AT THE HEAD, AND ALL THE OTHER COMPANIES WOULD WHISTLE THE TUNE. AND THEY'D GET HOME WITH THEIR SHOES ALL WET AND MUDDY; AND AWFUL TIRED BECAUSE SOMETIMES THEY'D MARCH 20 MILES. SO THE OFFICERS WOULD MAKE THEM GET THEIR SHOES AND SOCKS OFF AND PUT ON DRY ONES, AND THEN HOW THEY WOULD EAT! AND THEY'D MAKE FUN OF ANY MARINE WHO DROPPED OUT AND COULDN'T KEEP UP. AND ONE TERRIBLE NASTY DAY ALL THE MARINES IN FRANCE, AND ALL THE MULES AND MACHINE-GUNS AND WAGONS AND ROLLING KITCHENS AND THE GENERAL AT THE HEAD

WENT OUT, BECAUSE WE PRETENDED THE GERMANS WERE NEAR AND TRYING TO BLOW UP THE RAILROAD. SO WE HAD ABOUT 8,000 MARINES AND ABOUT 500 MULES, AND IT WAS BETTER THAN ANY PARADE YOU EVER SAW. YOU COULD SEE IT FOR MILES. AND ALL THE TIME IT WAS SO COLD AND RAINY THAT DADDY'S FEET GOT LIKE ICE, AND HE HAD TO GET OFF OH BOY AND WALK. THEN, AFTER THE 5TH SCOUTS FOUND THE ENEMY SNEAKING UP A HILL JUST PAST A BIG WOODS, WE HAD TO WAIT, AND THE MEN RAN UP AND DOWN AND SOME PLAYED TAG IN THE FIELDS TO KEEP WARM. AND THEY PLAYED A FUNNY GAME WHERE A LOT OF THEM WOULD STAND IN A CIRCLE AND ALL FACE IN TO EACH OTHER. THEN ONE MARINE WOULD STAND OUTSIDE WITH A LEATHER BELT AND YELL, "STAND BY!" THEN THEY'D STOOP OVER, AS YOU DO IN LEAP-FROG, BUT HAVE ONE HAND STUCK OUT BACK. AND THE MARINE OUT-

SIDE WOULD RUN AROUND AND TAP ONE; AND THEN THAT MARINE WOULD FALL OUT, AND THE ONE WITH THE BELT WOULD CHASE HIM ALL AROUND THE RING; AND IF HE COULDN'T



THIS IS THE MARINES
PLAYING THE BELT GAME

RUN FAST ENOUGH, THE ONE WITH THE BELT WOULD BEAT HIM UNTIL HE GOT BACK TO HIS PLACE. THEN HE'D TAKE THE BELT, AND RUN AROUND AND TAP SOME ONE ELSE AND CHASE HIM; AND THE OTHER MEN WOULD YELL AND LAUGH, BECAUSE THEY NEVER KNEW WHO WOULD BE NEXT. THEN AWAY WE WENT AND UP A ROAD THROUGH THE WOODS AND CHASED THE ENEMY, AND THEN HAD CHOW. THEN THE GENERAL SAID WE HAD WON AND STARTED US HOME, AND WE

MARCHED RIGHT PAST THE 5TH. AND DADDY SAW WAGNER AND BOLLER AND LOTS OF MEN AND OFFICERS HE HADN'T SEEN FOR A LONG TIME; AND WE KIDDED THE 5TH, AND THE 5TH KIDDED US, AND EVERYBODY WAS JOLLY AND LAUGHING; AND ONE MARINE WAS SINGING, "OH, FOR THE LIFE OF A FIREMAN!" SO NOBODY MADE ANY FUSS ABOUT THE COLD AND THE RAIN. THEN SOMETIMES WE MARCHED ABOUT TEN MILES TO SOME TRENCHES THE FRENCH SOLDIERS IN A FRENCH TOWN HAD DUG. WE'D COME ALONG A BEAUTIFUL ROAD UP A HILL, ABOUT A MILE IN BACK OF THE TRENCHES, AND EVERYBODY WAS QUIET AS A MOUSE, WITH GAS-MASKS ALL READY TO PUT ON. AND THERE WERE PRETTY LITTLE PATHS RUNNING THROUGH THE WOODS, AND, IN BACK OF THE ROAD, LITTLE FIELDS AND ORCHARDS AND MORE WOODS. SO WE'D HIDE THE MULES AND KITCHENS AND OUR HORSES BACK BY THE WOODS, WHERE AN AIRSHIP COULDN'T

SEE THEM, AND PUT ONE BATTALION BACK IN THE WOODS. THEN ONE BATTALION WOULD FILE IN THE LITTLE PATHS, INDIAN FILE, WITHOUT A WORD. AND WHEN THEY WERE ALL IN, THE OTHER WOULD FOLLOW. AND THE FIRST WOULD WALK THROUGH THE WOODS UNDER PINE-TREES, AND YOU'D NEVER DREAM THERE WERE ANY TRENCHES IN A THOUSAND MILES. AND THE WOODS WERE PRETTY WITH DEAD LEAVES ALL OVER THE PATHS AND BIRDS SINGING. AND THEN YOU'D PASS A DUGOUT THAT WAS HALF CAVE AND HALF CABIN, WITH THE FLOOR AND SIDES LINED WITH BRANCHES AND SAND-BAGS ON TOP. AND THEN ALL THE LITTLE PATHS HAD SIGNS ON THEM, LIKE STREET CROSSINGS, SO YOU COULDN'T GET LOST. THEN YOU'D COME OUT DOWNHILL BY A LITTLE BROOK TO A BIG FIELD THAT LOOKED JUST LIKE A PASTURE; AND THERE THE TRENCHES BEGAN, AND RAN OVER A HILL; AND THE TRENCHES RAN UP AND

DOWN AND ZIGZAG AND ACROSS, AND YOU COULD JUST SEE THE TIN HATS WINDING AROUND THE TRENCHES UNTIL THEY ALL GOT IN; AND AS FAST AS THEY GOT IN, THE FRENCH SOLDIERS CAME OUT BACK TO THE WOODS; AND THEN THE OTHER BATTALION CAME UP AND HID AWAY IN THE WOODS. THEN DADDY AND THE COLONEL WOULD STAND BY A TELEPHONE STRAPPED AROUND A BIG TREE, BACK ON THE ROAD, AND SEND ORDERS. WE'D TELL THEM TO SEND UP A ROCKET WITH STARS, AND IT WOULD GO BANG! AND BURST UP IN THE SKY; AND EVERYBODY WOULD GRAB HIS MASK AND SLIP



**EVERYBODY LOOKED LIKE
GOBLINS**

IT ON; AND EVERYBODY LOOKED LIKE GOBLINS. THEN WE'D PASS THE WORD, "GAS OVER." THEN WE'D PRETEND IT WAS TIME

TO GO TO BERLIN, AND WE'D MAKE ANOTHER SIGNAL, AND AWAY WE'D GO. AND THE MARINES IN ALL THE WOODS WOULD COME OUT INTO THE TRENCHES AND FINISH OFF HUNDREDS OF THE OLD GERMANS. AND SOME DAYS WE'D GO OUT AHEAD TO ANOTHER PLACE WITH A LOT OF WHITE TAPE, AND MARK OUT MAKE-BELIEVE TRENCHES, AND PUT UP LITTLE PAPER SIGNS LIKE, "KAISER TRENCH," AND "FORT SAUSAGE," AND ALL GERMAN NAMES. AND THEN EVERYBODY WOULD LEARN ALL THE NAMES, AND WE'D MARCH OUT AND SAY, "NOW WE'LL TAKE THOSE TRENCHES AWAY FROM THE GERMANS AT JUST 2 MINUTES AFTER 10 O'CLOCK." AND EVERYBODY WOULD START, AND PRETEND THE BIG GUNS WERE FIRING THOUSANDS OF SHELLS OVER OUR HEADS AT THE TRENCHES. SO WE'D JUST WALK ALONG BEHIND THE SHELLS IN LONG LINES AND COLUMNS UNTIL WE CAME TO THE TRENCHES;

AND THEN EVERYBODY THREW BOMBS OR FIRED THEIR GUNS OR USED THEIR BAYONETS, AND IT LOOKED LIKE HUNDREDS OF ANTS RUNNING HERE AND THERE, BECAUSE YOU COULD SEE EVERY ONE. AND NOW IT'S ALL OVER, AND WE'RE GLAD; BECAUSE IT WAS AWFUL HARD WORK EVERY DAY AND NO MOVIES OR ANYTHING TO SEE AT NIGHT. AND EVERYBODY WAS COLD AND WET AND TIRED, BUT THE MARINES CAN STAND AN AWFUL LOT AND HAVE FUN, TOO. SO NOBODY GOT CROSS OR CRIED OR SAID HE WANTED TO GO HOME, BECAUSE THEY ALL WANTED TO LEARN A LOT OF WAYS TO GET AT THE KAISER. AND NOW IT'S JUST LIKE SPRING AGAIN, AND THE HILLS ARE BLUE AND THE FIELDS ARE GREEN AND THE SKY IS A SOFT LIGHT BLUE, LIKE THE UNIFORMS THE FRENCHERS WEAR; AND THERE ARE LOTS OF BIG BUMBLEBEES FLYING ROUND, AND LITTLE BUDS ARE COMING OUT ON THE BUSHES AND TREES. I BET THOSE WILD DUCKS BACK IN THE

POND, WHERE DADDY WAS CHRISTMAS-TIME, ARE HAPPY NOW. AND IT MUST BE LIKE SPRING BACK IN CHEVY CHASE, AND DADDY LOVES TO THINK OF YOU AND PRETTY MOTHER AND AUNT TELLA AND JOE OUT UNDER THE TREES AT THE CLUB OR ON THE PORCH AT HOME. AND PRETTY SOON HE'LL BE BACK, BECAUSE THE KAISER WILL SAY TO ALL THE SQUARE-HEAD SOLDIERS: "LET'S BEAT IT. HERE COME THE MARINES AND THE FOREIGN LEGION!" GOOD-NIGHT, SONNY, AND KEEP ON BEING A LITTLE MAN; AND DON'T LET PRETTY MOTHER WORRY, BECAUSE DADDY'S FAT NOW AND STRONG; AND JUST PUT YOUR ARMS AROUND MOTHER AND LOVE HER, AND THEN YOU'LL BOTH BE HAPPY, AND DADDY WILL BE HAPPY WHEN HE KNOWS YOU ARE. SO YOU GIVE MY LOVE TO MOTHER AND A BIG KISS AND A HUG, BUT DON'T HURT HER, AND LOTS OF LOVE TO AUNT TELLA AND JOE.

YOUR FAT DADDY,

[73]

PAT.

SIX YEARS OLD HE LIVED IN WALES FOR A YEAR,
 CLOCKS IN THEM. BUT WHEN DADDY WAS
 DADDY THOUGHT THE DUGOUTS HAD CUCKOO-
 CUCKOOS MOVED IN, AND EVERYBODY BUT
 HERE FROM THE LAST PLACE WE LEFT, THE
 HAT. NEARLY THE FIRST DAY WE MOVED
 ONE AND MAKE A NEST OUT OF THE OLD STRAW
 FULL OF CUCKOOS, AND DADDY COULD CATCH
 UNCLE PRICE'S. BECAUSE THE WOODS ARE
 LITTLE CUCKOO-CLOCK, LIKE THE ONE AT
 THE RATS COULD NOT GET IT, AND HAVE A NICE
 COULD HANG IT UP IN HIS DUGOUT, WHERE
 AWAY UP OVER THE HILLS TO DADDY, HE
 COULD WISH IT OVER THE BIG BLUE OCEAN AND
 HOW IS YOUR OLD STRAW HAT? IF YOU

DEAR TOWNIE:

MAY 11, 1918.

FRANCE,

AND HE WAS ALWAYS VERY FOND OF THE FUNNY LITTLE YELLOW CUCKOOS THAT GO, "CUCKOO! CUCKOO!" ALL DAY LONG; AND HE REMEMBERED, AND HE WAS HAPPY TO HEAR THEM AGAIN AFTER 35 YEARS. BUT COLONEL LEE HAS A FUNNY ORDERLY NAMED NICK, AN OLD MARINE WHO WAS BORN IN ITALY. SO NICK CAME IN, AND THE COLONEL SAID, "NICK, SOMEBODY HAS A CUCKOO-CLOCK IN HIS DUGOUT." AND THEN A LOT OF CUCKOOS BEGAN TO CRY, "CUCKOO! CUCKOO!" SO THE COLONEL SAID: "NICK, HEAR THAT? THEY'VE ALL GOT CUCKOO-CLOCKS BUT ME. NOW YOU GET ME ONE, QUICK!" SO NICK SALUTED AND LOOKED IN ALL THE DUGOUTS, BUT COULDN'T FIND ANY CUCKOO-CLOCKS, ALTHOUGH HE COULD HEAR THEM. BUT ON THE WAY BACK HE HEARD, "CUCKOO! CUCKOO!" UP IN A TREE. SO HE SALUTED AND SAID, "COLONEL, IT'S A BIRD AND NOT A CUCKOO, AND THE WOODS ARE FULL OF THEM." SO THE COLONEL

SALUTED BACK, AND SAID, "NICK, GO OUT IN THE WOODS AND BRING ME BACK A BIRD, AND I'LL TEACH IT HOW TO COUNT, AND THEN WE'LL HAVE A CUCKOO-CLOCK IN OUR NICE



THIS IS
OLD NICK
LOOKING
FOR A
CUCKOO
CLOCK

LITTLE DUGOUT." AND NICK SAID, "COLONEL, I HEARD THE CUCKOO-BIRDS, BUT I COULDN'T SEE THEM. WHAT DOES A CUCKOO-BIRD LOOK LIKE?" AND THE COLONEL SAID, "NICK, A CUCKOO-BIRD IS YELLOW, JUST LIKE THE KAISER. BUT IT HAS FUR INSTEAD OF FEATHERS, AND IT FLIES BACKWARDS." AND

NICK SAID, "COLONEL, THAT'S A FUNNY BIRD. WHY DOES IT FLY BACKWARDS?" AND THE COLONEL SAID, "TO KEEP THE DUST OUT OF ITS EYES." SO NICK SALUTED AND WENT; BUT HE COULDN'T CATCH A CUCKOO-BIRD, BECAUSE IT HAD RAINED FOR THREE WEEKS AND THERE WAS NO DUST; SO THE CUCKOO-BIRDS WOULDN'T FLY, BUT STAYED UP IN THE HIGH TREES. AND YOU'D LOVE THESE BIG WOODS. THEY'RE FULL OF BIRDS AND SQUIRRELS, JUST LIKE THE HOLLOW-TREE FAMILY, AND FULL OF MOSS AND FERNS AND VIOLETS AND LITTLE PINK-AND-WHITE FLOWERS AND WILD STRAWBERRIES. BUT THEN YOU'D SEE A LOT OF FUNNY HOLES, AS BIG AS A BATH-TUB, IN THE GROUND WHERE THE ENEMY SHELLS HIT AND BURY AND THEN EXPLODE. AND WHEN THE SHELLS ARE FULL OF POISON GAS, THEY POISON ALL THE PRETTY FLOWERS; AND IF YOU PICKED THEM AND PUT YOUR HANDS ON YOUR FACE, OR PUT THAT LITTLE SHOE-BUTTON OF

A NOSE INTO A VIOLET, THE GAS WOULD BURN YOUR HANDS AND FACE VERY BADLY. AND ALL THROUGH THE WOODS AND THE BIG DEER-RAVINES ARE CAMPS FOR SOLDIERS, FUNNY LITTLE DUGOUTS, WITH A LOT OF BIG ROCKS ON TOP TO KEEP THE SHELLS OUT, AND OLD SHEDS AND BARRACKS. AND THE GERMANS FLY OVER IN THEIR 'PLANES AND TAKE PICTURES, AND THEN FLY BACK TO THEIR GUNS; AND THEN AWAY OFF, MAYBE FIVE MILES, A BIG GERMAN GUN FIRES, AND YOU HEAR A LOW "BOOM!" AND THEN, A FEW SECONDS LATER, YOU HEAR SOMETHING WHISTLE AND HISS LIKE A SNAKE. AND IT GETS LOUDER AND LOUDER, UNTIL IT SOUNDS JUST LIKE AN EXPRESS-TRAIN COMING THROUGH THE AIR. AND THEN IT HITS! AND THE NOISE IS AWFUL, ENOUGH TO SCARE THE BIGGEST LION IN AFRICA; AND YOU SEE THE AIR FULL OF DIRT AND BRANCHES, AND LOTS OF SOLDIERS ARE HURT. BUT ONE DAY THEY FIRED 3,600 SHELLS IN

FOUR HOURS AT US, AND ONLY ONE MAN GOT HIT BY A LITTLE SPLINTER OF THE SHELL. AND SOMETIMES YOU JUST HEAR A FUNNY LITTLE "PLOP!" AS THOUGH SOME ONE HAD DROPPED A BIG WATERMELON AND IT HAD BROKEN. AND IF IT'S NEAR, SOME ONE YELLS, "GAS!" AND THE SENTRY RUNS OUT AND TURNS A CRANK ON A BIG AUTOMO-



THIS IS A MARINE
GIVING A GAS ALARM

BILE HORN; AND EVERYBODY PUTS ON A GAS-MASK QUICKER THAN YOU CAN PUT ON YOUR HAT, BECAUSE, IF THEY DIDN'T, THEY'D GET GASSED AND HAVE TO GO TO THE HOSPITAL FOR WEEKS. AND THEN SOMETIMES YOU ARE SITTING IN YOUR DUGOUT, AND WONDERING WHAT MOTHER AND YOU ARE DOING IN CHEVY CHASE, AND YOU THINK SOMEBODY IS SHOOTING FIRE-CRACKERS; AND YOU RUN

OUT TO SEE IF IT IS THE FOURTH OF JULY, BECAUSE YOU FORGET WHAT TIME OF THE MONTH AND YEAR IT IS; AND WAY UP IN THE BLUE SKY YOU SEE SOMETHING COME AND SPREAD OUT ALL WHITE AGAINST THE BLUE, LIKE A WHITE FLOWER; AND THEN A LOT MORE, SOME BLACK AND SOME WHITE, ALL PUFFS OF SMOKE. AND OUT FROM THE PRETTY PUFFS COME DOZENS AND HUNDREDS OF SHRAPNEL BULLETS FROM THE WHITE ONES, AND PIECES OF STEEL, ALL ROUGH AND SPLINTERED, FROM THE BLACK ONES. AND THEN YOU KNOW THE FIRE-CRACKERS ARE THE ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUNS, AND THEY GO "CRACK! CRACK!" EVERY SECOND. AND THE PRETTY SKY-FLOWERS GET CAUGHT BY THE OLD WIND, WAY UP THERE TWO OR THREE MILES IN THE SKY, AND THEY GET ALL RAGGEDY AND TWISTY. AND THEN, AFTER YOU LOOK HARD AND DON'T PAY ANY ATTENTION TO THE RAGGEDY ONES AND ONLY

WATCH THE NEW ONES, YOU SEE SOMETHING LIKE A BIG DRAGON-FLY; AND THEN YOU KNOW IT'S AN AËROPLANE, AND ALL THE PRETTY SKY-FLOWERS ARE SHOOTING BULLETS AND STEEL SPLINTERS AT THE DRAGON-FLY; AND YOU CAN WATCH IT FOR EVER SO LONG AND NOT GET TIRED. AND IT'S TOO HIGH UP TO SEE IF IT HAS A PRETTY RED-WHITE-AND-BLUE CIRCLE ON THE WINGS OF THE DRAGON-FLY OR AN OLD BLACK CROSS LIKE THIS.



BUT ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS TO LISTEN. AND IF IT SOUNDS NICE AND SMOOTH, LIKE A SEWING-MACHINE, YOU KNOW IT'S A FRENCHER; BUT IF IT SOUNDS MAD AND SHORT, LIKE AN OLD BUMBLEBEE GOING "BRRUM! BRRUM! BRRUM!" YOU KNOW IT'S A BOCHE; AND YOU JUST STAND THERE AND PRAY FOR A PRETTY PUFF TO SEND A

BULLET RIGHT THROUGH THE SINFUL BLACK CROSS, SO YOU CAN WATCH THE OLD DRAGON-FLY COME TUMBLING AND SPINNING AND DIVING DOWN TO A GREAT BIG BUMP ON A NICE ROCK TWO MILES DOWN. AND BECAUSE YOU LIKE TO HEAR ABOUT GUNS, HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO HEAR THEM GO WITHOUT A STOP FOR AN HOUR AND A QUARTER, ABOUT MID-NIGHT? ONE NIGHT DADDY WOKE UP BECAUSE ALL THE AMERICAN AND FRENCH GUNS WERE FIRING LIKE MAD; AND THEN HE COULD HEAR THE GERMAN GUNS AND FOR TEN MILES ALL THE GUNS ON BOTH SIDES WERE FIRING LIKE MAD. AND DADDY KNEW THEN THAT OUT THERE IN THE DARK, IN FRONT OF US, A LOT OF GERMANS WERE HIDING, AND THAT THEY HAD GUNS AND SHARP KNIVES AND POISON AND BOMBS, JUST WAITING A CHANCE TO SNEAK IN AND KILL AND TAKE PRISONERS. BUT HE COULDN'T TELL WHETHER THEY WERE OUT THERE IN

FRONT OF THE MARINES OR THE FRENCH, BECAUSE SOMETIMES THEY FIRE A LOT AT A LOT OF PLACES AND THEN ATTACK ONLY ONE PLACE. AND SO WE JUST WAITED; BUT WE WERE VERY ANXIOUS, BECAUSE WE HAD ONE LITTLE TOWN WAY OUT IN FRONT, NEARLY A MILE AWAY FROM ALL THE REST OF THE MARINES. AND WE KNEW THAT THE GERMANS WERE FIRING BIG SHELLS RIGHT SMACK INTO OUR POOR LITTLE TOWN, AND ALL IN BACK OF IT, SO WE COULDN'T SEND MARINES IN TO HELP; AND THERE WAS ONLY A SECOND LIEUTENANT AND FIFTY MARINES OUT THERE. AND SO WE JUST WAITED FOR AN HOUR AND A QUARTER; AND ALL THAT TIME OUR GUNS WERE FIRING ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE LITTLE TOWN, SO THE GERMANS THERE COULDN'T GET BACK AND NO OTHERS COULD COME IN. AND HERE IS WHAT HAPPENED ALL THE TIME WE WERE WAITING AND LISTENING TO THE WONDERFUL GUNS AND

LOOKING OVER TO WHERE THE GERMANS WERE, WHERE YOU COULD SEE THE SKY ALL LIGHTED UP AND ROCKETS UP IN THE AIR: OUT IN THE TRENCHES, AROUND THE LITTLE TOWN, A MARINE HEARD SOMEBODY OUT IN THE WIRES; AND HE WHISPERED TO SOMEBODY ELSE, AND SO ALL ALONG THE LINE. AND THEY HEARD MORE NOISES, AND ALL THE MARINES CAME OUT OF THE CELLARS OF THE POOR RUINED HOUSES IN THE LITTLE TOWN. AND THEN THE GERMAN GUNS 'WAY BACK MADE A SOLID WALL OF SHELLS BACK OF THE LITTLE TOWN. BUT, YOU SEE, IT WAS BLACK AS AN OLD CAT, AND THE GERMANS COULDN'T SEE JUST WHERE THE MARINES WERE, AND THEY WERE HOPING THAT THE MARINES WOULD FIRE; BUT THE MARINES JUST WAITED; SO THE GERMANS THREW SOME LIGHTS WHERE THEY THOUGHT THE MARINES WERE, AND THEN THE MARINES OPENED UP WITH RIFLES AND BOMBS AND EVERYTHING THEY HAD, AND

THEY GOT A LOT OF GERMANS AND DROVE ALL THE REST BACK. BUT ONE MARINE, A CORPORAL, GOT HIT IN SIXTEEN PLACES; AND DADDY SAW HIS TIN HAT, AND IT WAS FULL OF DENTS. BUT THE CORPORAL KEPT RIGHT ON FIGHTING. AND ANOTHER MARINE, WHO CAN RUN ALMOST AS FAST AS BILLY MOORE AND FASTER THAN JOHNNY OVERTON, RAN UP TO THE SECOND LIEUTENANT AND SALUTED, AND SAID HE'D TAKE BACK A MESSAGE FOR THE COLONEL. AND AWAY HE WENT, AND RAN SO FAST, OVER AN OLD ROAD WHERE THE GERMAN SHELLS WERE BURSTING THICK, THAT HE GOT THROUGH. AND THEN A LITTLE MARINE DID THE SAME, TO BE SURE THE MESSAGE WOULD GET THROUGH; AND HE GOT



THIS IS A FRENCH
GENERAL KISSING
A BRAVE MARINE

THERE, TOO, EVEN IF HE COULDN'T RUN SO FAST. SO PAPA JOFFRE SENT ALL OF THEM A FINE MEDAL, WITH A RED-AND-GREEN CAMPAIGN-RIBBON, AND ANOTHER FRENCH GENERAL PINNED THEM ON AND KISSED THE BRAVE MARINES. SO WE GET QUITE USED TO THE GUNS, AND HALF THE OLD GERMAN SHELLS DON'T EXPLODE, ANYWAY, AND THEY CALL THEM "DUDS." AND ONE DAY THE GERMANS SHOT UP OUR SICK-BAY, BACK IN A QUARRY, AND KNOCKED ALL THE ROCKS OFF THE TOP OF ONE OF THE DOCTOR'S DUGOUTS. AND THE DOCTOR GOT MAD, AND TOLD DADDY HE DIDN'T MIND THEIR OLD SHELLS, BUT HE HATED TO HAVE TO THROW ALL THE ROCKS BACK ON TOP OF HIS DUGOUT. AND THE OTHER DAY NICK HEARD THEM SHOOTING AT AN AËROPLANE, SO HE WENT TO THE COLONEL'S DUGOUT AND SALUTED AND SAID, "COLONEL, YOU'D BETTER COME OUT. THEY'RE SHOOTING AT A GERMAN U-PLANE." NOW,

THIS IS A BIG LONG LETTER FOR A LITTLE BOY TO READ, SO I'LL HAVE TO WRITE YOU ANOTHER ONE ABOUT THE RATS, AND WHAT NO MAN'S LAND LOOKS LIKE, AND THE DUGOUTS, AND THE TRENCHES, AND THE MARINES, AND THE FRENCH SOLDIERS. AND MAYBE I'LL WRITE IT TO-MORROW, BECAUSE DADDY HAS BEEN BUSIER THAN A ONE-ARMED PAPER-HANGER, AND IT HAS BEEN AWFUL HARD TO FIND TIME TO WRITE; BUT THIS MORNING ONE FINE BIG BATTALION LEFT, AND TO-NIGHT SOME FRENCH, JUST BACK FROM THE BIG BATTLES, MARCHED IN; AND TOMMY HOLCOMB'S FINE BIG BATTALION MARCHES OUT; AND IN A COUPLE OF DAYS DADDY WILL GET IN THE BIG AMBULANCE, THAT MOTHER AND YOU AND DADDY RODE IN FROM QUANTICO TO WASHINGTON ONE NIGHT WITH COLONEL CATLIN AND MAJOR ROOSEVELT, AND SAIL AWAY TO A LITTLE TOWN FOR A LITTLE REST. AND THEN HE'LL SEE SOME NICE KIDS, FOR

HE HASN'T SEEN ANY FOR TWO WHOLE MONTHS, AND IT WILL BE FINE. BUT HE WON'T SEE ANY KID HALF SO NICE AS YOU, OR ANY GIRL HALF SO BEAUTIFUL AS YOUR LITTLE MOTHER, BECAUSE THEY DON'T HAVE THEM—NOT EVEN IN FRANCE. AND WHEN YOU GET THIS, MAYBE YOU'LL HAVE BEEN IN NEW YORK AND SEEN GRANDMA AND AUNT JEAN AND GONE UP TO BUFFALO. AND YOU'LL HAVE A FINE TIME WITH UNCLE BOB AND AUNT GRACE AND THE TWO KIDS. AND IF YOU SEE A MARINE, YOU JUST GIVE HIM A SNAPPY SALUTE AND TELL HIM YOUR DADDY IS IN FRANCE AND YOU HOPE HE'LL GET OVER SOON. AND DON'T FALL IN THE LAKE AND GET ALL DUSTY, AND DON'T GO TO SUNDAY-SCHOOL MORE THAN ONCE A WEEK, AND PICK OUT A PRETTY TEACHER WHEN YOU GO. SO GOOD-BY, LITTLE SOUL, AND TAKE AWFUL GOOD CARE OF MOTHER; AND WHEN YOU HUG HER TIGHT, THINK OF ALL THE MILLIONS DADDY

WOULD GIVE TO BE THERE; AND DON'T HURT
WHEN YOU HUG. AND KEEP ON HOPING FOR
THE OLD BOY TO GET THE KAISER; AND
WHEN YOU SEE ALL THOSE PRETTY LITTLE
GIRLS IN BUFFALO, WATCH YOUR STEP!

WITH WHOLE BATTLES OF LOVE
TO YOU AND PRETTY MOTHER,

DADDY PAT.

YOUR PRETTY MOTHER. AND SHE ALWAYS
 ALL HE COULD DO TO FIND TIME TO WRITE TO
 HE HAD SO MUCH TO DO THERE THAT IT WAS
 UP THERE TO WRITE THIS LETTER, BECAUSE
 TRENCHES; BUT HE COULD NEVER FIND TIME
 WHILE THE MARINES WERE UP IN THE
 DADDY TRIED TO WRITE YOU ALL ABOUT IT
 LITTLE TOWNS, AND NO MAN'S LAND. AND
 TRENCHES, AND THE DUGOUTS, AND THE POOR
 AND THE RATS THAT RUN THROUGH THE
 TRENCHES AND THE BAD GERMAN TRENCHES,
 MAN'S LAND BETWEEN THE AMERICAN
 THE TRENCHES RUN THROUGH, AND THE NO
 DUGOUTS, AND THE POOR LITTLE TOWNS THAT
 THIS IS ALL ABOUT THE TRENCHES, AND THE
 DEAR TOWNIE:

MAY 18, 1918.
 FRANCE,

READ THEM TO YOU, SO YOU KNOW MORE ABOUT THE TRENCHES, ANYWAY, THAN LOTS OF BIG BOYS. SO WE'LL JUST PRETEND YOU CAME OVER TO FRANCE ON A TORPEDO-BOAT, AND THEN RIGHT UP ON AN AËROPLANE TO DADDY'S DUGOUT, AT THE END OF A PRETTY PATH. AND THERE YOU FOUND DADDY IN HIS DUGOUT—A NICE BIG DUGOUT UNDERGROUND, SO YOU HAD TO CLIMB DOWN TWELVE STEPS. AND ON TOP OF THE DUGOUT WAS A ROOF OF BIG LOGS, AND, ON TOP OF THEM, A TON OF WHITE ROCKS TO KEEP THE ENEMY SHELLS OUT; AND ON TOP OF THE ROCKS WAS A NET, LIKE A BIG FISH-NET, MADE OF BURLAP, WITH LOTS OF LITTLE BUNCHES OF TOUGH GRASS TIED ON, SO THAT AN ENEMY AËROPLANE UP IN THE SKY WOULD THINK IT WAS JUST PART OF A GREEN FIELD AND WOULDN'T DROP BOMBS ON DADDY'S DUGOUT OR FLY BACK AND TELL THE ARTILLERY TO SHOOT ON IT. AND IN ONE CORNER YOU WOULD SEE A

LITTLE STOVE, AND, IN THE OTHER, DADDY'S BUNK, AND EVEN FUNNY WALL-PAPER ON THE WALLS, AND A BIG, LONG TABLE ON ONE SIDE, WITH ALL DADDY'S PICTURES OF YOU AND MOTHER ON IT AND MAPS OF THE TRENCHES, WITH OUR TRENCHES IN RED, LIKE FUNNY WRIGGLY LITTLE WORMS, AND THE GERMAN TRENCHES IN BLUE, AND A BIG GILT MIRROR, AS BIG AS YOU, THAT WAS RESCUED FROM A FRENCH CHÂTEAU BEFORE THE GERMANS HAD SHOT IT ALL TO PIECES. AND YOU'D THINK IT WAS A FINE DUGOUT. THEN DADDY WOULD HANG A BROWN ENGLISH MASK, LIKE A BOX, IN FRONT, AND A LITTLE BLUE FRENCH MASK, LIKE A BIG POCKET-BOOK, OVER HIS LEFT SHOULDER, AND PUT ON HIS TIN HAT AND STRAP ON HIS REVOLVER. AND THEN YOU'D TAKE OFF YOUR LITTLE OLD STRAW HAT AND PUT ON A LITTLE TIN HAT, SO THE BULLETS WOULD BOUNCE OFF YOUR HEAD, AND PUT ON TWO LITTLE MASKS, TO USE IF

THE BAD GERMANS SHOT A SHELL FULL OF POISON GAS NEAR US, AND AWAY WE'D GO TO SEE THE TRENCHES. WE'D GO PAST A LOT



THIS IS YOU IN
YOUR TIN HAT

MORE DUGOUTS LIKE DADDY'S, AND THEN DOWN A LONG, BEAUTIFUL PATH THROUGH THE FINEST WOODS YOU EVER SAW, AND ALL THE BIRDS WOULD BE SINGING; AND YOU'D PASS A LITTLE SHED, AND THERE WOULD BE THREE FAT BLACK-AND-WHITE PUPPY-DOGS PLAYING AND ROLLING AROUND IN SOME LITTLE BUSHES, BITING EACH OTHER'S EARS AND STUBBY LITTLE TAILS, AND TWO BIG, FAT, SLEEPY BUNNY RABBITS WATCHING THEM; AND YOU'D LOOK UP AT DADDY AND LAUGH

AND THINK IT WAS A FUNNY WAR. AND THEN, ALL ALONG THE PATH, YOU'D SEE DOZENS OF TELEPHONE-WIRES RUNNING DOWN IN A DEEP DITCH TO THE TRENCHES, AND LOTS OF VIOLETS AND BUTTERCUPS AND DAISIES. AND PRETTY SOON, IN THE WOODS, WE'D COME TO SOME LITTLE TRENCHES AND ROWS OF BARBED WIRE, TO USE IF THE ENEMY COULD DRIVE THE MARINES OUT OF THE REAL TRENCHES—BUT YOU KNOW THEY COULDN'T. THEN WE'D COME TO A FUNNY LITTLE RAILROAD, AND SEE SOME LITTLE FLAT CARS PULLED BY TWO LITTLE MULES CARRYING FOOD DOWN TO A PLACE CALLED A DUMP, SO THE MARINES COULD COME UP WHEN IT WAS DARK AND GET THEM IN THE TRENCHES. SO WE'D LEAVE THE PATH AND FOLLOW THE LITTLE RAILROAD OFF TO THE RIGHT. AND THEN YOU'D SEE SOME BIG SHELL-HOLES IN THE GROUND. AND PRETTY SOON WE'D PASS A DEEP RAVINE, AND SEE A LOT OF MARINES AND FRENCH SOLDIERS

SITTING AROUND, SMOKING AND LAUGHING, IN FRONT OF LITTLE DUGOUTS, AND SHEDS, LIKE LITTLE BARNs, WITH SHELL-HOLES THROUGH THE ROOF. AND THEY WERE ALL THERE TO RUN TO THE TRENCHES TO HELP THE MARINES IF THEY WERE ATTACKED AND THE ENEMY TRIED TO SNEAK UP THROUGH THE RAVINE IN THE DARK. SO WE'D BE GETTING NEAR THE TRENCHES; AND DADDY WOULD STOP AND SAY, "LISTEN!" AND YOU'D LISTEN AND HEAR, AWAY OFF IN FRONT, A LOW BOOM! AS THOUGH IT WAS NANNY BEATING A RUG AWAY OFF. AND THEN YOU'D HEAR A QUEER, WHISTLING SOUND GETTING NEARER AND NEARER UNTIL IT SOUNDED LIKE SOME GIANT UP ABOVE US TEARING A GREAT LONG PIECE OF SILK IN HIS HANDS. AND DADDY WOULD SAY: "THAT'S ALL RIGHT, IT WENT WAY OVER OUR HEADS. NOW LISTEN AGAIN." AND YOU'D LISTEN AND HEAR THE BIGGEST BANG; AND THEN ANOTHER WOULD COME, AND YOU WOULDN'T

HEAR ANY BANG; AND DADDY WOULD SAY: "THAT DIDN'T GO OFF. IT'S A DUD." SO WE'D GO ON, AND PRETTY SOON COME TO A FINE, BIG, WHITE ROAD, LIKE THE FINE ROADS IN MARYLAND. AND WE'D TURN TO THE LEFT DOWN THE ROAD AND BE GOING RIGHT STRAIGHT TO THE TRENCHES. AND YOU'D THINK IT WAS THE FUNNIEST ROAD YOU EVER SAW, BECAUSE YOU'D KNOW IT WAS IN FRANCE, AND ALL YOU HAD TO DO WAS TO FOLLOW THE ROAD AND IT WOULD GO TO THE EDGE OF THE BEAUTIFUL WOODS, AND ON DOWNHILL PAST THE TRENCHES, AND THROUGH A POOR LITTLE TOWN WITH A COMPANY OF MARINES, AND ON PAST A LOT OF BARBED WIRE, AND ON THROUGH NO MAN'S LAND ACROSS THE FIELDS INTO A LITTLE TOWN FULL OF WICKED GERMAN SOLDIERS, AND ON THROUGH MORE TOWNS, OVER BRIDGES, AND INTO GERMAN CITIES. BUT WE'D STOP NEAR THE EDGE OF THE WOODS AND STEP DOWN INTO A TRENCH;

AND AT THE EDGE OF THE WOODS WOULD BE SOME BIG SCREENS OF BURLAP AND GRASS HUNG BETWEEN POLES; AND OVER THE TRENCH, AS IT WENT DOWNHILL, WOULD BE MATS OF IT OVERHEAD TO HIDE IT, AND WE'D COME RIGHT OUT INTO WHAT YOU'D THINK WAS A PLAY VILLAGE. FOR THERE WOULD BE A ROW OF LITTLE WHITE STONE HOUSES BUILT RIGHT INTO A LITTLE HILL; AND LOTS OF MARINES WOULD SAY, "WHY, THERE'S OUR LITTLE SERGEANT WHO USED TO CARRY THE COLORS AT THE BROOKLYN NAVY YARD WHEN WE MARCHED OFF THE PARADE GROUND." AND THEY'D SHOW YOU ALL OVER AND TELL YOU IT WAS BATTALION HEADQUARTERS, WHEN THE MAJOR STAYED IN THE TRENCHES; AND THEY'D TAKE YOU WAY DOWN IN SOME DEEP DUGOUTS, WHERE THEY GO WHEN THE ENEMY IS BOMBARDING, AND YOU'D KNOCK YOUR TIN HAT AGAINST SOME BEAMS UNTIL THEY LIGHTED A CANDLE. AND YOU'D HEAR SOME

FUNNY LITTLE SQUEAKS, AND A BIG RAT WOULD RUN OUT, AND A MARINE WOULD THROW A HOB-NAILED SHOE AT IT. AND IF DAN DALY, THE TOP SERGEANT OF THE MACHINE-GUN COMPANY, WAS THERE, HE'D TELL

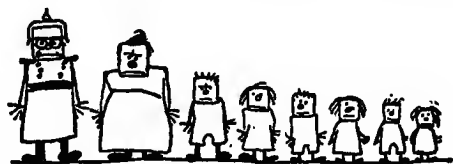


THIS IS A MARINE
THROWING A SHOE
AT A RAT

ABOUT THE RAT THAT WAS SO BIG IT COULDN'T GET IN HIS DUGOUT DOOR; AND THEY'D SHOW YOU HOW THE RATS EAT RIGHT THROUGH THEIR PACKS AND THE STRAPS ON THEM; AND HOW THEY EAT RIGHT INTO THE BOXES THAT HAVE HARD BREAD, AND EAT UP THE HARD BREAD THAT EVERY MARINE HAS TO CARRY TO EAT IF THERE'S A BIG BATTLE AND THE MULES CAN'T BRING UP THEIR CHOW FOR A DAY OR

TWO. THEN YOU'D COME UP INTO THE LIGHT, AND SALUTE THE MAJOR, AND WE'D GO DOWN A REAL TRENCH A LITTLE WAYS, AND GO THROUGH A DOOR IN THE SIDE OF IT INTO A LITTLE DUGOUT. AND YOU'D SEE HOW IT OPENED RIGHT IN FRONT, A LONG NARROW OPENING. AND DADDY WOULD LIFT YOU UP, AND YOU'D LOOK THROUGH A BIG TELESCOPE RIGHT ACROSS THE BATTLE-FIELD; AND MILES AND MILES AWAY, WHERE THE HILLS MET THE BLUE SKY, YOU'D SEE CITIES IN GERMANY. AND THE MAJOR WOULD POINT THE TELESCOPE ONE PLACE, AND YOU'D SEE BIG GERMAN BARRACKS; AND ANOTHER PLACE, AND YOU'D SEE A BIG FACTORY AND A LOT OF SMOKE, WHERE THE GERMANS WERE MAKING SHELLS; AND YOU'D SEE LOTS OF TOWNS NEARER, WITH THE BIG WHITE ROAD WE WERE ON RUNNING THROUGH THEM; AND A BIG TOWN NEAR BY, WITH A LAKE IN FRONT OF IT, AND LOTS OF FORESTS AND FIELDS THAT THE

GERMANS TOOK EARLY IN THE WAR. THEN THE MAJOR WOULD POINT THE BIG TELESCOPE DOWN, AND CLOSER BY THERE'D BE A TOWN WITH ONLY ONE OR TWO ROOFS, RED LIKE CHERRIES, LEFT ON THE HOUSES, AND MOST OF THE WALLS DOWN, AND THE STREETS FULL OF HEAPS OF STONES AND GRASS; AND HE'D TELL YOU THERE WAS A COMPANY OF THE ENEMY IN IT AND THAT THE GERMAN CAPTAIN, AN OLD SQUARE-HEAD WITH SPEC-TACLES, AND A FAT, RED-NOSED GERMAN WIFE



THIS IS THE GERMAN CAPTAIN'S FAMILY

AND SIX SQUARE-HEAD KIDS—ALL MEAN LITTLE IMPS—AT HOME, LIVED IN A DUGOUT UNDER ONE OF THE RED ROOFS. AND YOU'D WONDER HOW SOLDIERS COULD BE LIVING IN A TOWN LIKE THAT, AND YET YOU COULDN'T SEE ANY. AND WHILE YOU WERE LOOKING, THE TELE-

PHONE WOULD RING; AND THE MAJOR WOULD GET A MESSAGE THAT THE ARTILLERY WERE GOING TO SHELL THE TOWN. AND YOU'D HEAR A FAINT BARK AND HEAR THE SHELL WHISTLE; AND YOU'D HEAR A BANG AND SEE A BIG COLUMN OF DIRT AND STONES SHOOT UP LIKE A FOUNTAIN, RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF THE TOWN; AND IT WOULD BE ALL RED WHERE THE SHELL HAD BLOWN A LOT OF BRICKS INTO RED DUST. AND THEN THEY'D COME FAST, AND YOU'D SEE A BIG HOLE WITH THE SUN SHINING THROUGH THE RED ROOF. AND THE MAJOR WOULD LAUGH AND SAY, "HIT 'EM AGAIN"; AND FIVE NICE "'75" SHELLS WOULD BURST RIGHT IN THE SAME PLACE. AND PRETTY SOON THE TELEPHONE WOULD RING AGAIN, AND THEY'D POINT THE TELESCOPE TO A LITTLE BUNCH OF DOTS WHERE A GERMAN MACHINE-GUN WAS; AND THEN YOU'D SEE LITTLE COLUMNS OF BLACK DIRT AND STONE SHOOT UP—FOUR OF THEM; AND WHEN

YOU'D LOOK AGAIN, YOU'D SEE A BIG HOLE WHERE THE MACHINE-GUN HAD BEEN. AND THEN YOU'D LET A MARINE TAKE THE TELESCOPE TO WATCH THE ENEMY, AND LOOK THROUGH THE LONG NARROW SLIT IN FRONT OF THE DUGOUT; AND YOU WOULD LOOK AWAY NORTH TO VERDUN AND AWAY SOUTH TO A BIG HILL CALLED LES ÉPARGES, A BROWN HILL WITH HARDLY ANY TREES ON IT AND ALL CUT UP WITH TRENCHES AND SHELL-HOLES, WHERE BOTH THE FRENCHERS AND THE GERMANS HAD FOUGHT ON IT; AND YOU'D COUNT AS MANY AS ELEVEN BIG GERMAN BALLOONS UP IN THE AIR, LIKE YELLOW SAUSAGES; BECAUSE, YOU SEE, WE WOULD BE UP ON A HILL AND COULD WATCH THEM WITH TELESCOPES, BUT THEY HAD TO GET UP IN BALLOONS TO WATCH US. AND MAYBE YOU'D SEE A FRENCH AËROPLANE SHOOTING MACHINE-GUN BULLETS INTO ONE OF THE BALLOONS, AND A GERMAN WOULD JUMP OUT IN A PARACHUTE AND THE

BALLOON WOULD GET ON FIRE AND GO TUMBLING AND TWISTING DOWN LIKE A YELLOW WASH-RAG. AND THEN YOU'D PEEK DOWN TO SEE WHAT NO MAN'S LAND WAS LIKE; AND YOU'D BE AS MUCH SURPRISED AS IF SANTA CLAUS WAS OUT THERE IN HIS SLEIGH. BECAUSE YOU'D SEE NICE-LOOKING MEADOWS AND FRUIT ORCHARDS AND WHITE ROADS AND LITTLE LAKES AND BROOKS. BUT THERE WOULDN'T BE ANY FRUIT ON THE TREES, JUST WILD ORCHARDS; AND YOU'D SEE LONG BLACK ROWS ON BOTH SIDES, AND RUNNING OUT INTO NO MAN'S LAND, THAT WERE ROWS OF BARBED WIRE SEVEN ROWS DEEP. AND NO MAN'S LAND DOESN'T BELONG TO ANY NATION IN THE WORLD, AND NOBODY LIVES IN IT, AND THERE'S NOBODY IN IT EXCEPT AT NIGHT, WHEN THE PATROLS STEAL OUT TO GO ACROSS AND CUT THE BARBED WIRE AND GO INTO THE GERMAN TRENCHES TO CARRY OFF PRISONERS. AND IF YOU COULD STAY TILL DARK, YOU'D

SEE THE FLASH OF GERMAN CANNONS AWAY OFF, AND THEN YOU'D SEE ROCKETS BURST AWAY UP IN THE SKY AND THEN WHITE STARS COME FLOATING DOWN TO MAKE NO MAN'S LAND AS BRIGHT AS DAY. AND SOME MARINE WOULD HEAR THE ENEMY CUTTING OUR BARBED WIRE; AND HE'D SHOOT A ROCKET UP, AND YOU'D HEAR THE MACHINE-GUNS GO "PUT! PUT! PUT!" AND THE RIFLES GO "CRACK! CRACK! CRACK!" AND IF THE GERMANS HAD A COMPANY OUT THERE, THE MAJOR WOULD SHOOT UP A ROCKET THAT WOULD BREAK INTO RED STARS, AND THE ARTILLERY WOULD SEE IT, AND ALL THE 75S AND THE BIG GUNS WOULD FIRE, AND ALL THE GERMAN GUNS; AND YOU'D SEE LITTLE STREAKS OF FIRE FROM THE TRENCHES. AND IN ABOUT THREE-QUARTERS OF AN HOUR THE GERMANS WOULD BE ALL LICKED, AND THEY'D SHOOT UP A RED-AND-GREEN ROCKET AND START HOME AS SOON AS THEIR CANNONS

STOPPED; AND THEY'D CARRY OFF THEIR DEAD AND WOUNDED, AND ALL WOULD BE DARK AND QUIET. AND IN THE MORNING THE MARINES WOULD FIND SOME DEAD GERMANS HANGING IN THE WIRES, AND HUNDREDS OF SHARP KNIVES AND BOMBS. BUT THE GERMANS NEVER COULD GET INTO THE MARINES' TRENCHES. BUT YOU COULDN'T STAY TILL DARK; SO DADDY WOULD TAKE YOUR HAND, AND YOU'D SALUTE THE MAJOR, AND WE'D GET INTO A DEEP TRENCH AND START DOWNHILL TO A LITTLE TOWN WITH A PRETTY NAME. AND THE TRENCH WOULD TWIST AND TURN LIKE A SNAKE, AND WE'D WALK ON A LITTLE BOARD-WALK OF SLATS, THAT THEY CALL DUCK-BOARDS (BUT DADDY DOESN'T KNOW WHY, BECAUSE HE NEVER SAW ANY DUCKS THERE OR EVEN ANY NICE LITTLE CHICKENS), AND THE TRENCH WOULD HAVE SIGN-BOARDS; AND SOME PLACES THERE WOULDN'T BE ANY DUCK-BOARDS, BUT JUST MUD. AND WE'D

TURN A SHARP CORNER, AND THERE'D BE A SQUARE PLACE CUT OUT, WITH SAND-BAGS IN FRONT, AND A MARINE SENTRY, WITH HIS RIFLE RESTING ON THE SAND-BAGS AND HIS



THIS IS YOU AND DADDY
IN THE MUD

CARTRIDGES IN A NEAT LITTLE ROW, WATCHING THE ENEMY. AND NEAR BY WOULD BE A DUGOUT AND OTHER MARINES SLEEPING, BECAUSE AT NIGHT MORE OF THEM HAVE TO WATCH AND BE READY TO FIGHT. AND LOTS OF PLACES THERE'D BE WIRE, THE SAME KIND THEY KEEP CHICKENS SHUT IN WITH, UP AGAINST THE WALLS OF THE TRENCH TO KEEP THE DIRT FROM FALLING IN. AND OVERHEAD THERE'D BE BRANCHES OF TREES, OR WIRE NETTING WITH BURLAP, TO FOOL THE GERMANS

UP IN THE BALLOONS. AND PRETTY SOON WE'D COME TO MORE TRENCHES THAT CROSSED OURS, BUT WE'D FOLLOW THE FRENCH SIGNS AND COME OUT INTO THE POOR LITTLE FRENCH TOWN. AND THE CAPTAIN OF MARINES WOULD SHOW US ALL AROUND, JUST AS PROUD OF HIS POOR LITTLE TOWN AS IF IT WERE PARIS. AND THE HOUSES WOULD BE FULL OF HOLES WHERE THE GERMAN SHELLS HAD HIT THEM, AND GRASS WOULD BE GROWING IN THE STREETS. AND THERE WOULD BE THE ROAD, WITH BIG SHELL-HOLES IN IT, AND ROCKS, AND LOTS OF BARBED WIRE FIXED ON LONG STEEL FENCES THAT THE MARINES WOULD RUN ACROSS THE STREET IF THE GERMANS CAME IN. AND YOU'D SEE MARINES SMOKING AND READING UNDER THE POOR LITTLE TREES OR WITH THEIR BACKS TO THE WALLS, AND SHAVING, AND CLEANING THE MUD OFF THEIR SHOES. AND LOTS WOULD BE SLEEPING, DOWN IN DUGOUTS LIKE CELLARS

UNDER THE HOUSES. AND IN THE STREETS THERE'D BE A LOT OF RUSTY OLD GERMAN SHELLS THAT HADN'T EXPLODED. AND THE CAPTAIN WOULD TAKE US INTO A BIG DUGOUT UNDER A BIG HOUSE, WITH THE WALLS ALL COVERED OVER WITH COLORED PICTURES OF PRETTY FRENCH LADIES, AND TELL US ALL ABOUT HOW THE BIG SHELLS COME INTO TOWN AND EVERYBODY LAUGHS AND SHOUTS AND RACES EACH OTHER INTO THE DUGOUTS UNTIL THE SHELLS STOP. AND THERE ARE FOUR OTHER POOR LITTLE TOWNS LIKE IT. THE LITTLEST ONE IS HALF A MILE OUT BEYOND THE TRENCHES; AND IN A BATTLE MOST OF THE FIGHTING WOULD BE IN THE LITTLE TOWNS. AND THEN YOU'D GET TIRED AND AWFUL HOMESICK FOR YOUR PRETTY LITTLE MOTHER, JUST AS DADDY DOES; AND YOUR LITTLE LIP WOULD TREMBLE, AND THE CAPTAIN WOULD SAY, "POOR LITTLE FELLOW!" AND KISS YOU GOOD-BY. AND A BIG MARINE WOULD TAKE

YOU PICKABACK, AND AWAY WE'D GO UP THE HILL TO YOUR AËROPLANE; AND ALL THE OFFICERS WOULD COME OUT AND FILL A BAG FULL OF GERMAN BUTTONS AND BULLETS AND BELT-BUCKLES. AND YOU'D SALUTE COLONEL CATLIN, AND PUT YOUR LITTLE ARMS AWFUL TIGHT AROUND DADDY'S NECK, AND KISS HIM GOOD-BY AND SAIL AWAY.

WITH LOTS AND HEAPS OF LOVE TO YOU AND PRETTY MOTHER, AND BE JUST AS GOOD TO HER AS UNCLE SAM IS TO ALL THE MARINES WHO ARE FAR AWAY FIGHTING IN FRANCE.

YOUR DADDY, PAT.

VIII

FRANCE,

JUNE 1, 1918.

DEAR TOWNIE:

THIS IS ALL ABOUT THE TRIP WE MADE IN BIG TRUCKS ACROSS A LOT OF FRANCE TO STOP THE WICKED OLD GERMANS FROM COMING TO PARIS. YOU NEVER COULD HAVE DREAMED THERE WERE SO MANY TRUCKS IN THE WORLD, AND THERE MUST HAVE BEEN EASY MORE THAN A THOUSAND. THEY CAME TO OUR FOUR PRETTY LITTLE TOWNS AT FOUR O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING. IT WAS A BEAUTIFUL DAY, AND YET IT SOUNDED LIKE THUNDER WHEN THEY ROLLED IN; SO WE LINED UP ALL THE MARINES ALONG THE ROAD, AND, AS SOON AS THE FIRST TRUCK ROLLED IN, IT TURNED RIGHT AROUND AND STARTED BACK TILL IT CAME TO THE END OF THE LINE; AND

THEN THE FIRST TWENTY-TWO MARINES HOPPED IN, AND THEN THE NEXT, TILL A WHOLE BATTALION OF A THOUSAND HAD HOPPED IN, AND AWAY THEY WENT. THEY WERE GREAT, BIG, HEAVY TRUCKS WITH A LONG WOODEN SEAT ON EACH SIDE, BUT MOST OF THE MARINES SAT BACKWARD, WITH THEIR FEET HANGING OUTSIDE, SO THEY COULD SEE THINGS, AND THE OLD TRUCKS LOOKED LIKE BIG, GRAY SPIDERS WITH FORTY-FOUR BROWN LEGS. AND THEY ALL HAD FUNNY MARKS AND PICTURES PAINTED OUTSIDE IN GAY COLORS, ABOUT AS BIG AS A BIG WATERMELON, NEAR WHERE THE DRIVER SAT. THE ONE WE HAD FIRST HAD BIG GRASSHOPPERS, BLUE AND RED, AND THERE WERE CAMELS, SOLDIER HEADS, A BIG CANNON ON A SNAIL'S BACK, AND A DONKEY'S HEAD, A CLOCK FACE, FLOWERS, A FUNNY OLD DARKY WITH GREAT, BIG, WHITE TEETH, AND A ROOSTER, AND ALL SORTS OF FUNNY THINGS. AND

DADDY RODE IN A LITTLE AUTOMOBILE WITH A FRENCH OFFICER WHO HAD BEEN WOUNDED IN BELGIUM AND COULDN'T FIGHT, BUT WHO COULD BOSS THE TRUCKS; AND HE WAS JUST LIKE A MAN RUNNING A BIG CIRCUS, BECAUSE



THIS IS THE FRENCH
OFFICER YELLING
EN ROUTE! EN ROUTE!

SOMETIMES A TRUCK WOULD BREAK DOWN, AND THEN WE'D FLY DOWN THE LINE AND BRING UP A LITTLE TRUCK WITH TOOLS; AND WHEN IT WAS ALL FIXED HE'D BLOW HIS HORN, AND WE'D FLY BACK AND HE'D YELL "EN ROUTE! EN ROUTE!"—AND THAT'S JUST THE WAY THE OLD HORN WOULD SOUND, "EN

ROUTE!"—AND AWAY WE'D GO! AND PRETTY SOON WE CAME TO THE PRETTIEST TOWNS, WITH GARDENS FULL OF ROSES AND ALL SORTS OF PRETTY FLOWERS; AND THE FRENCH LADIES AND GIRLS WOULD RUN OUT AND THROW THE FLOWERS INTO THE TRUCKS AND BRING MILK AND RED WINE AND CHEESE, AND LOAVES OF BREAD AS LONG AND ROUND AS THE BIGGEST BAT THAT TY COBB HAS; AND THE DEAR LITTLE OLD LADIES WOULD SMILE AND WAVE THEIR HANDKERCHIEFS, AND THE LITTLE BARE-LEGGED BOYS WOULD COME FLYING



THIS IS A LITTLE
FRENCHER CHEERING
THE AMERICANS

OUT TO THE ROAD AND HOP UP AND DOWN AND YELL, "LES AMERICAINS! VOILA LES BONs SOLDATS!" SO EVERYBODY WAS HAPPY AND

SMILING, BECAUSE THEY KNEW THE MARINES WERE GOING TO KILL AND CAPTURE ALL THE GERMANS THEY COULD AND STOP THEM FROM COMING TO PARIS. AND AS FAR BACK AS YOU COULD SEE ON ALL THE ROADS WERE TRUCKS AND SUCH DUST THAT PRETTY SOON ALL THE MARINES AND THE INFANTRY AND SIGNAL CORPS AND ARTILLERY WERE JUST GRAY, LIKE MUMMIES. BUT THEY WERE ALL HAPPY AND HAVING A FINE TIME. AND WE CAME TO SOME BIG TOWNS WITH RIVERS, AND PRETTY SOON TO THE NICEST LITTLE TOWNS WE'D SEEN IN ALL FRANCE; AND WE WERE ONLY 15 MILES FROM PARIS, AND YOU COULD ALMOST SEE THE EIFFEL TOWER. AND THE NEARER WE GOT TO PARIS, THE GAYER THE PEOPLE WERE; AND OF COURSE THE MARINES WERE SMILING AT THE PRETTY FRENCH GIRLS AND HAVING A TIME, AND THE OLD TRUCKS ROLLED ALONG, AND PRETTY SOON WE SAW SOME BAD SIGHTS. THE GERMANS WERE DRIVING BACK THE

FRENCH SOLDIERS, AND ALL THE FRENCH PEOPLE HAD TO LEAVE THEIR HOMES, WHERE THEY'D LIVED ALL THEIR LIVES, OR THE GERMAN WOULD HAVE WHIPPED ALL THE LITTLE CHILDREN, AND MADE THEIR MOTHERS WORK FOR THEM, AND BURNED THEIR LITTLE TOWNS; SO THEY WERE COMING INTO PARIS. SOME OF THEM WERE WALKING, AND THEY HAD LITTLE DONKEYS HITCHED UP TO LITTLE CARTS, AND GREAT BIG HORSES WITH WOODEN COLLARS PAINTED IN RED AND BLUE, AND BIG WHITE OXEN—ALL PULLING BIG LOADS, WITH BEDS AND CHAIRS AND MATTRESSES AND THINGS PILED AWAY UP. AND THE DOGS WERE WALKING ALONG, AND UNDER THE WAGONS WERE CHICKENS AND DUCKS AND GEESE IN CRATES COVERED WITH CHICKEN-YARD WIRE. AND NEARLY ALL OF THEM HAD GOATS, BECAUSE IT'S EASY TO FEED GOATS ON OLD TIN CANS AND PAPER AND GET GOOD GOATS' MILK. AND THERE WERE LITTLE TOW-HEADED BOYS

AND FAT LITTLE GIRLS WITH CURLS AND BLUE EYES AND SUCH SHORT LITTLE LEGS THAT EVERY TIME THEIR MOTHERS TOOK A STEP THEY HAD TO TAKE FOUR. AND THEY WERE GOING AWAY TO FIND A NEW HOME, AND AT NIGHT THEIR WAGONS WOULD STOP AND THEY'D CAMP ALONGSIDE THE ROAD. AND DADDY NEVER SAW ONE OF THEM CRY, ALTHOUGH THEY WERE VERY UNHAPPY. AND IT MADE THE MARINES TERRIBLY MAD TO SEE THEM SO SAD, AND THEY JUST WISHED THEY COULD FIND THOSE GERMANS AND DRIVE THEM AWAY. AND THERE WAS ONE BIG WAGON PILED UP SO HIGH THAT IT LOOKED LIKE THE BIG LADDER THAT JACK THE GIANT-KILLER CLIMBED (OR MAYBE IT WAS A BEAN-STALK), AND RIGHT ON TOP WAS A BEAUTIFUL OLD LADY ALL DRESSED IN HER NICEST BLACK DRESS WITH A LITTLE WHITE LACE CAP ON; AND HER HAIR WAS WHITE AS SNOW AND JUST LIKE SILVER,

AND SHE MUST HAVE BEEN JUST ONE OF THE KINDEST AND PRETTIEST GRANDMOTHERS IN THE WORLD. AND THEN WE CAME TO A BIG CITY THAT HAD A BIG RIVER JUST FULL OF DAMS AND BRIDGES. AND THERE WAS ONE BRIDGE WITH A LOT OF DAMS RUNNING UNDER IT, AND ON TOP OF THE BRIDGE WERE A LOT OF THE FUNNIEST HOUSES THAT WERE MORE THAN 400 YEARS OLD. AND THE CITY HAD THE QUEEREST NAME, MEAUX—LIKE A PUSSY-CAT. AND THE RIVER WAS THE MOST FAMOUS RIVER IN THE WORLD, BECAUSE IT WAS THE RIVER WHERE PAPA JOFFRE BEAT THE GERMANS SO BAD THAT HE IS CALLED THE HERO OF THE MARNE. AND I GUESS THE DAY YOU HAD ON YOUR NAVY SUIT AND WERE WITH GRANDMA AND SALUTED PAPA JOFFRE IN NEW YORK THAT YOU DIDN'T THINK DADDY WOULD BE SEEING HIS RIVER SO SOON. AND THE CITY WAS FULL OF THE POOR FRENCH REFUGEES. WE KEPT RIGHT ON

GOING AND TURNED TO THE LEFT, UP THE VALLEY OF THE MARNE; AND WE WERE ONLY 20 MILES AWAY FROM THE GERMANS. AND THE ROAD WAS JUST AS BUSY AS FIFTH AVENUE THE TIME DADDY TRIED TO DRIVE A FORD UP IT THE NIGHT HE DIDN'T KNOW HOW TO RUN IT; ONLY INSTEAD OF BUSSES AND AUTOMOBILES AND NICE-LOOKING PEOPLE, THERE WERE TRUCKS FULL OF MARINES AND SOLDIERS AND BIG GUNS AND AMBULANCES AND WAGONS FULL OF FOOD FOR THE FRENCH AND AMERICAN ARMIES AND GENERALS FLYING BY IN CARS. AND EVERY ROAD THAT WE CROSSED WAS FULL OF SOLDIERS AND HORSES, ALL HURRYING UP TO STOP THE GERMANS, AND SO MUCH DUST THAT YOU COULD EAT IT. IT WAS GETTING LATE, BUT IT DOESN'T GET DARK OVER HERE UNTIL NEARLY TEN O'CLOCK. SO EVERYBODY WAS TIRED AND SLEEPY, FOR THE OLD TRUCKS BUMPED AND BOUNCED BECAUSE NEARLY ALL THE RUBBER WAS WORN OFF THE

WHEELS. AND ALL THE TRUCK DRIVERS WERE FRENCH SOLDIERS WHO WERE TOO OLD TO FIGHT; AND THEY HAD BEEN DRIVING NEARLY ALL THE NIGHT BEFORE AND ALL DAY LONG; AND SOMETIMES, WHEN THE TRUCKS WOULD STOP SOMEWHERE DOWN THE LINE, WE'D GO BACK TO SEE IF ONE OF THEM WAS BROKEN DOWN; AND THERE WOULD BE A TRUCK WITH A RED GRASSHOPPER PAINTED ON IT, AND THE POOR OLD FRENCHMAN WOULD BE FAST ASLEEP; AND YOU COULD HARDLY SEE HIS FACE FOR THE GRAY DUST ON IT. SO THE FRENCH OFFICER WOULD HAVE TO HOP OUT AND JUMP UP ON THE TRUCK AND SHAKE HIM, AND THEN HOP DOWN AND BLOW HIS HORN. ONLY HE DIDN'T BLOW IT, BUT TURNED A HANDLE ON IT, LIKE THE ONE ON A COFFEE-MILL AND JUST LIKE THE WAY THEY GIVE THE GAS ALARM IN THE TRENCHES. AND THE HORN WOULD YELL IN FRENCH, "EN ROUTE! EN ROUTE! EN ROUTE!" WHICH

MEANT: "HURRY UP! HURRY UP! HURRY UP! THE GERMANS ARE COMING AND THE MARINES ARE HERE TO STOP THEM!" SO WE'D FLY BACK, AND THE HORN WOULD GO LIKE MAD, AND HE'D HOLLER, "EN ROUTE! EN ROUTE! EN ROUTE!" AND THE OLD DRIVERS WOULD WAKE UP AND RUB THEIR EYES, AND THE OLD TRUCK WHEELS WOULD GROAN AND CRY, "EN ROUTE! EN ROUTE! EN ROUTE!" AND THE MARINES WOULD TURN OVER AND WAKE UP, ALL PACKED LIKE SARDINES IN A TIN CAN, SOME WITH THEIR LEGS LYING ON ANOTHER MARINE'S TUMMY AND A DRUMMER-BOY ALL CURLED UP WITH HIS HEAD ON THE TUMMY OF A NICE OLD SERGEANT; AND THEY'D GROWL A LITTLE, BECAUSE THEY'D BEEN UP MOST ALL THE NIGHT BEFORE AND WERE SLEEPY. AND ALL THE TIME THE POOR REFUGEES WERE GOING BY; AND WHEN WE HEARD THAT OUR BIG TRUCKS WOULD GIVE THEM A RIDE AFTER THEY LEFT

US AT THE FRONT WE WERE GLAD, BECAUSE THEY MUST HAVE BEEN SO TIRED! AND YET NOT ONE OF THEM WOULD CRY, NOT EVEN THE LITTLE GIRLS; SO YOU KNOW, SONNY, THE BAD GERMANS CAN NEVER LICK THE FRENCHERS. AND PRETTY SOON A WHOLE



THIS IS A FRENCH CAVALRY-
MAN JUMPING A DITCH

FINE REGIMENT OF FRENCH CAVALRY GALLOPED BY, AND THEN ANOTHER; AND THE ROAD WAS SO CROWDED WITH TRUCKS AND GUNS AND WAGONS AND AMBULANCES AND REFUGEES THAT THE CAVALRY HAD TO JUMP THEIR HORSES ACROSS THE DITCHES BY THE ROAD AND RIDE THROUGH THE FIELDS, BE-

CAUSE NOW WE WERE ONLY 7 OR 8 MILES FROM THE FIGHTING. AND THEY WANTED THE CAVALRY RIGHT AWAY. THEY ALL HAD LITTLE SHORT RIFLES AND LONG BLUE STICKS, ABOUT TWELVE FEET LONG, AND ON THE END WAS ABOUT A FOOT OF NICE SHARP STEEL. AND THEN THE LITTLE AUTOMOBILE DADDY WAS IN WENT FLYING AHEAD TO SEE THE PLACE WHERE THE MARINES WERE TO GET OFF; AND WE JUST FLEW, AND WENT RIGHT PAST A BIG FIELD WHERE THERE WERE ABOUT 200 OF THE BIGGEST AND GAYEST BUTTERFLIES YOU EVER SAW. AND MOST OF THEM WERE STILL AS COULD BE, WITH THEIR GREAT BLUE AND ORANGE AND GREEN AND RED AND GOLD WINGS SPREAD SO THAT THE FIELD LOOKED LIKE A FAIRY GARDEN. AND SOME WERE FLYING BACK TO REST FOR THE NIGHT; AND THEY HAD THE BIGGEST EYES, AND THEY JUST CIRCLED AND DIPPED AND STOOD ON ONE WING AND THEN ON THE OTHER; AND THEN

DADDY COULD SEE THAT THEY ALL HAD BIG RED-WHITE-AND-BLUE CIRCLES UNDER THE TIP OF EACH WING; AND THEY FLEW SO FAST THAT HE JUST KNEW THEY WERE NOT BUTTERFLIES, BUT FRENCH AËROPLANES! AND AFTER WE'D GONE ABOUT 2 OR 3 MILES DADDY SAW THE GENERAL AND A LOT OF OFFICERS AND ORDERLIES SITTING ON THE SIDE OF A LITTLE HILL, LOOKING AT A MAP; AND DADDY GOT OUT AND SALUTED AND TOLD THE GENERAL WHERE THE MARINES WERE, AND THAT THE COLONEL WAS BACK OF THEM, BUT COMING UP IN A FAST CAR. AND THE GENERAL SALUTED BACK, AND SAID: "MAJOR, OUR ORDERS ARE CHANGED. YOU GO BACK JUST AS FAST AS YOUR LITTLE OLD CAR CAN RUN, BECAUSE YOU MUST GET BACK TO THE CROSSROADS AHEAD OF THE TRUCKS, AND SEND THE MARINES DOWN THE ROAD TO THE RIGHT." AND BACK WE WENT, AND SAW LOTS OF SOLDIERS GETTING OUT OF THEIR TRUCKS TO

MARCH AGAINST THE GERMANS; AND IT WAS GETTING DARK, BUT WE GOT BACK TO THE CROSS-ROADS IN TIME TO CATCH THE 1ST BATTALION. AND THE 6TH REGIMENT KEPT ITS TRUCKS AND RODE IN THEM, WHILE ALL THE OTHER REGIMENTS WALKED; AND IT WAS ABOUT 10 O'CLOCK WHEN WE SAW SOME GERMAN PRISONERS ON THE ROAD, AND WE COULD HEAR THE BIG GUNS AND SEE A FEW ROCKETS; AND WE COULD LOOK AND SEE THE SKY LIGHT UP WHERE THE BIG GUNS WERE FIRING. AND THEN WE SAW A FRENCH TOWN THAT WE HAD PASSED BURNING LIKE A BIG BONFIRE, AND THE GERMANS MUST HAVE DROPPED A BOMB ON IT. AND IT WAS EXACTLY MIDNIGHT WHEN THE TRUCKS STOPPED JUST AT THE EDGE OF A BIG TOWN. SO WE ALL GOT OUT AND THE 1ST BATTALION MARCHED INTO A BIG FIELD AND WENT RIGHT SMACK TO SLEEP; AND THE COLONEL AND ALL THE REST OF US LAID DOWN ALONGSIDE THE

ROAD, AND WE ALL WENT TO SLEEP AND NEVER HEARD ANY GUNS, BECAUSE WE WERE TOO TIRED. AND IN THE MORNING ALL THE MARINES WERE IN, AND WE WERE ON THE SIDE OF A BEAUTIFUL VALLEY; AND THERE WAS NO ONE IN THE BIG TOWN BUT FRENCH SOLDIERS, BECAUSE ALL THE PEOPLE WHO LIVED THERE HAD LEFT. AND THEN CAME OUR ORDERS TO GO IN THE LINE JUST BEHIND THE FRENCHERS, AND WE TOOK THE TRUCKS AGAIN AND JUMPED OUT OF THEM JUST ABOUT A MILE FROM THE BATTLE-FIELD; AND TOMMY HOLCOMB, WHO HAD THE 2ND BATTALION, GAVE THE ORDERS TO HIS CAPTAINS WHILE THEY WERE HOPPING OUT OF THEIR TRUCK, SO YOU SEE WE WERE RIGHT ON OUR TOES. AND THE FRENCHERS ARE OUT IN FRONT OF US, BUT FALLING BACK BECAUSE THEY HAVE BEEN FIGHTING NIGHT AND DAY TO KEEP THE HUNS OUT OF MEAUX; BECAUSE IF THEY GOT THAT FAR, THEY'D BE

ONLY 20 MILES FROM PARIS. AND THEY HAD ABOUT 3 GERMANS TO 1 FRENCHER, BUT AS SOON AS THEY FALL BACK AND THE WICKED OLD GERMANS BUMP INTO THE MARINES, THEY'LL THINK IT IS THE FOURTH OF JULY, BECAUSE YOU KNOW ONE MARINE CAN EASY LICK 3 GERMANS. SO THE NEXT LETTER DADDY WRITES HE'LL TELL YOU ALL ABOUT HOW THE MARINES GOT THE BEST OF THE OLD KAISER AND HIS SILLY SON.

SO KEEP RIGHT ON BEING A GOOD LITTLE MARINE AND PRAYING EVERY NIGHT WITH PRETTY LITTLE MOTHER THAT THE MARINES WILL WIN AND THAT DADDY'S TIN HAT WILL JUST BUMP OFF ALL THE GERMAN BULLETS. AND YOU'LL BE HAVING SUCH A FINE TIME, PLAYING MARBLES AND PLAYING WAR, AND MOTHER WILL BE HAPPY TO SEE YOU NICE AND BROWN; AND THEN WHEN YOU SEE THE GENERAL OUT AT THE CLUB AND GIVE HIM A SNAPPY SALUTE HE'LL TAKE YOU UP ON HIS

KNEE AGAIN, AND YOU CAN TELL HIM ALL ABOUT THE WAR. BUT WHEN YOU SALUTE HIM, YOU MUST LOOK HIM STRAIGHT IN THE EYE, AS THE MARINES DO. AND DADDY HOPES THE FRENCH SOLDIER-BOOK HAS COME AND THAT YOU THINK IT'S FINE, AND THAT WE'LL LICK THE OLD GERMANS SO BAD THAT YOU WON'T HAVE TO COME OVER TO FIGHT WITH THE FOREIGN LEGION AND THE FRENCH AND BRITISHERS AND THE SCOTCHERS AND THE CANADIANS AND THE AUSTRALIANS, BUT THAT YOU CAN MARRY AN AWFUL PRETTY GIRL LIKE MOTHER AND JUST BE HAPPY AND BE A MARINE OFFICER IN THE TROPICS. SO GOOD-BY, SONNY, WITH 1,000 TRUCK-LOADS OF HUGS AND KISSES FOR YOU AND PRETTY MOTHER.

YOUR DADDY,

PAT.

IX

FRANCE.

DEAR LITTLE TOWNIE:

DADDY PROMISED TO WRITE YOU ALL ABOUT THE FIRST REAL BATTLE THE MARINES GOT INTO WITH THE WICKED OLD BOCHE, FOR THAT'S WHAT THEY ALL CALL THE GERMAN, EXCEPT LOTS OF TIMES THE MARINES JUST CALL THEM "FRITZ" OR "HEINIE"—NOT BECAUSE THEY LIKE THEM, BUT THEY ALWAYS LIKE TO MAKE UP THEIR OWN NICKNAMES. AND THE BOCHE CALL THE MARINES "DEVIL DOGS," BECAUSE THEY FIGHT SO HARD. WELL, AFTER WE GOT OUT OF THE TRUCKS AND STRETCHED OUR LEGS AND GOT INTO THE LINE BEHIND THE FRENCHERS, DADDY WENT OUT TO THE EDGE OF A PRETTY WOODS WITH THE COLONEL TO LOOK AT THE

BATTLE-FIELD. IT DIDN'T LOOK LIKE ONE THEN, BUT WHEN WE LEFT THERE, FIVE WEEKS LATER, IT WAS A FAMOUS BATTLE-FIELD, FULL OF DEAD HEINIES AND FRITZIES. AND THERE WERE LOTS OF LITTLE WOODEN CROSSES WHERE WE BURIED THE BRAVE MARINES WHO WERE KILLED. IT WAS A BEAUTIFUL JUNE DAY, JUST A WONDERFUL DAY FOR A WEDDING, AND SUCH NICE THICK WOODS THAT SEEMED MADE FOR PICNICS, AS FAR AS YOU COULD SEE, AND ALL BETWEEN THE WOODS WERE GREEN FIELDS OF OATS WITH BIG PATCHES OF RED POPPIES, BRIGHT AND RED AS BLOOD, LIKE THE POPPIES DADDY SENT YOU IN THE LETTER TO MOTHER. AND DON'T YOU HOPE THAT MOST OF THE BRAVE MARINES WHO WERE KILLED IN THOSE PRETTY WOODS DIED A LITTLE HAPPIER THINKING, JUST FOR A TEENY SECOND, OF THE GREEN FIELDS AND RED POPPIES BEFORE THE ANGELS TOOK THEM TO HEAVEN? I THINK

THEY MUST HAVE BEEN FRENCH ANGELS, FOR THE BRAVE MARINES DIED FOR FRANCE, AND SOLDIERS ALWAYS GO STRAIGHT TO HEAVEN WHEN THEY DIE IN BATTLE.

AND WE COULD SEE FOR MILES AWAY BACK WHERE THE GERMANS WERE; BUT ALL THE FRENCHERS WERE HIDDEN IN THE WOODS, AND YOU COULD ONLY SEE WHITE PUFFS OVER THE WOODS WHERE THE SHELLS WERE BURSTING. AND IN THE WOODS BACK OF US WAS MAJOR SIBLEY'S BATTALION, DIGGING LITTLE TRENCHES. PRETTY SOON WE SAW SOME GERMANS MOVING TOWARD US AWAY OFF, AND AFTERWARD WE FOUND OUT THEY MARCHED NINE MILES THAT DAY, DRIVING THE FRENCHERS BACK TOWARD US. YOU SEE, THEY WERE MAKING A BIG DRIVE, AND TAKING PRETTY LITTLE FRENCH TOWNS, AND THEY WERE COMING STRAIGHT AT US TO MARCH TO PARIS. BUT OLD SQUARE-HEADED FRITZ ONLY KNEW THAT THE POOR FRENCH

SOLDIERS WERE ALL WORN OUT, FIGHTING NIGHT AND DAY, FOR BEAUTIFUL FRANCE, AND HE DIDN'T KNOW THAT THE MARINES HELPED TO BLOCK THE ROAD TO PARIS BEHIND THE POOR, TIRED FRENCHERS. AND HE DIDN'T KNOW THAT THE GENERAL HAD SENT AN ORDER TO THE MARINES TO HOLD THE LINE AT ALL COSTS, AND NOT TO LET THE GERMANS MAKE A DENT EVEN AS TINY AS AN INCH IN THAT LONG LINE THAT WAS OVER SIX MILES LONG. PRETTY SOON WE COULD SEE THE FRENCHERS CRAWLING BACK THROUGH THE WHEAT-FIELDS, AND THE GERMAN SHELLS GETTING NEARER; AND THEN THE BIG GERMAN BALLOONS GOING UP, SO WE LEFT THE EDGE OF THE WOODS AND WENT BACK ON A PATH HALF A MILE TO THE LITTLE VILLAGE BEHIND. AND JUST HALF AN HOUR LATER—BANG! CRASH! BLUE! WENT SOME GERMAN SHELLS IN THE EDGE OF THE WOODS, BECAUSE THEY WERE MOVING THEIR BIG

GUNS NEARER. SO WE MADE OUR HEAD-QUARTERS IN A TWO-STORY STONE HOUSE IN AN ORCHARD AT THE EDGE OF THE LITTLE TOWN, WHICH WAS CALLED CHÂTEL. AND ALL DAY AND ALL NIGHT THE MARINES WERE DIGGING IN AND SAYING, "COME ON, OLD FRITZ, AND WE'LL PUMP YOU FULL OF LEAD!" AND THE FRENCHERS WERE FALLING BACK, FIGHTING ALL THE TIME. AND THEY HAD ORDERS FROM GENERAL FOCH TO FALL BACK THROUGH THE MARINES, AND WE HAD ORDERS FROM HIM TO HOLD THE LINE, NO MATTER HOW MANY BOCHE CAME. AND THAT NIGHT A FRENCH BATTALION CAME BY OUR HOUSE, AND THEN THEY GOT NEW ORDERS TO GO RIGHT BACK AND DRIVE THE GERMANS OUT OF THE WOODS. AND YOU WOULD HAVE FELT SO SORRY IF YOU COULD HAVE SEEN THEM. THEY SAT DOWN ALONG THE ROAD AND JUST FELL ASLEEP WHILE THEIR MAJOR GAVE THEM THOSE TERRIBLE ORDERS.

AND THEN HE SANG OUT, "FORWARD, MY CHILDREN, FOR FRANCE!" AND THEY GOT UP AND WENT BACK INTO THOSE DARK WOODS. BUT ALL THE NEXT DAY THEY CAME BACK, CARRYING THEIR WOUNDED. AND THE GUNS WERE ROARING, AND WE KNEW IT WAS UP TO THE MARINES. AND IT WAS JUST FIVE O'CLOCK IN THE EVENING WHEN OLD FRITZ TRIED TO DRIVE US BACK, TOO. AND THEN HE GOT HIS GOOD—RIGHT IN HIS OLD FAT NECK! DADDY HEARD AN AWFUL RACKET UP ON THE LEFT OF OUR LONG LINE WHERE FRITZ WANTED TO TAKE A HILL. SO HE GOT UP IN THE ATTIC WHERE A WINDOW WAS, AND HE SAW THE BATTLE. AND HE THOUGHT IT WAS THE MOST BEAUTIFUL SIGHT HE HAD EVER SEEN; BUT HE KNEW A FEW DAYS LATER THAT IT WAS ONLY A SIDE-SHOW TO THE BIG CIRCUS. THE MARINES WERE FIRING THEIR RIFLES AND MACHINE-GUNS SO FAST THAT YOU COULDN'T COUNT THE BULLETS; AND

PRETTY SOON, RIGHT ACROSS A WHEAT-FIELD THAT WAS GREEN AS A PARK, CAME THE GERMAN. THEY WERE IN LONG, THIN COLUMNS, AND ON THEY CAME, JUST AS THOUGH THEY WERE PARADING, AND IT LOOKED AS THOUGH NOTHING IN THE WORLD COULD STOP THOSE GRAY DEVILS. BUT ALL THE MARINES WERE AIMING RIGHT AT THEM, AND YOU KNOW THEY'RE SOME SHOOTERS. AND THEN THE ARTILLERY BEGAN FIRING, AND YOU COULD SEE PRETTY WHITE BALLS OF SMOKE AND THE FLASHES OF FIRE. FIRST THEY WERE TOO HIGH' OR TOO LOW, AND ON CAME THOSE COLUMNS LIKE GIANT SNAKES. AND DADDY WOULD CLINCH HIS FISTS, AND THEN—HERE CAME THE BEAUTIFUL PICTURE—A FRENCH AËROPLANE SAILED RIGHT OVER THEM AND SIGNALLED BACK TO THE 75's; AND IN JUST A MINUTE THOSE GRAY COLUMNS WERE JUST COVERED WITH THE WHITE PUFFS WHERE

THE SHRAPNEL WAS BURSTING, AND YOU COULDN'T SEE THE COLUMNS FOR THE NICE WHITE PUFFS. AND THE PRETTY GREEN FIELD WAS DOTTED WHITE, JUST AS THOUGH SOME FAIRY PRINCESS HAD WAVED A GOLDEN WAND AND WHITE DAISIES AS BIG AS YOUR HAT HAD GROWN THERE LIKE MAGIC. AND UNDER EACH DAISY WAS A DEAD FRITZ. BUT STILL THE GRAY LINES TRIED TO MOVE AHEAD, AND UP WOULD SHOOT THE LONG ROW OF DAISIES. AND WHEN THE FAIRY PRINCESS WAVED HER GOLDEN WAND THE THIRD TIME AND THE DAISIES BLEW AWAY IN THE WIND, DADDY COULD SEE THE DIRTY GRAY COLUMNS STOP, AND THEN BREAK, AND THE RIPPLES IN THE GREEN WHEAT WHERE THE GERMANS WERE RUNNING LIKE BIG GRAY FIELD-MICE INTO THE WOODS ON THE SIDE, OR ANYWHERE TO GET AWAY FROM THAT TERRIBLE FIRE OF SHRAPNEL AND RIFLE AND MACHINE-GUN BULLETS. AND THE FRENCH AËROPLANE CIR-

CLED OVERHEAD LIKE A HAPPY BIRD; AND DADDY THOUGHT THE FRENCH PILOT WOULD LOOP THE LOOP TO CELEBRATE, BUT HE DIDN'T; BUT HE SIGNED DOWN TO THE MARINES, "BRAVO!" AND THEN AWAY HE FLEW TO GENERAL FOCH. AND THE VERY NEXT DAY GENERAL PERSHING SENT THE MARINES A MESSAGE THAT THEY HAD BEEN THE FIRST TROOPS TO STOP THE GERMANS DEAD IN THEIR BIG DRIVE, AND THE FIRST THAT HAD NOT GIVEN AN INCH. AND THAT DAY DADDY'S REGIMENT HAD EVERY COMPANY BUT ONE IN THE LINE, AND ONLY ONE SINGLE COMPANY IN BACK TO FILL UP A HOLE IN THE LINE; AND YET THE OLD KAISER COULDN'T MAKE AN INCH; AND YOU KNOW THAT'S GOING SOME!

AND THEN SOME AMERICANS CAME, AND WE MADE A SHORTER LINE AND WE KEPT DEADO HUGHES' BATTALION OUT. AND THEN CAME THE BIGGEST DAY IN ALL THE

HUNDRED AND FORTY-TWO YEARS THAT THE MARINES HAVE BEEN FIGHTING FOR OLD UNCLE SAM—THE SIXTH OF JUNE. AND NEXT YEAR ON THE SIXTH OF JUNE WE'LL HAVE A BIG PICNIC, NO MATTER WHETHER WE'RE IN CHEVY CHASE OR CHINA OR THE TROPICS, AND YOU CAN HAVE A WHOLE QUART OF CHOCOLATE ICE-CREAM TO YOURSELF, AND YOU AND PRETTY MOTHER AND JOE AND AUNT ESTELLE WILL HAVE A BIG CELEBRATION, BECAUSE THAT DAY THE FRENCH SAID WE SAVED PARIS, BECAUSE WE CHASED OLD FRITZ ALL OVER THE WOODS AND DROVE HIM BACK AFTER WE'D HELD HIM FOR FIVE DAYS AND NIGHTS.

IT WAS JUST FIVE O'CLOCK AGAIN WHEN OLD SIBLEY'S BATTALION WENT OVER THE TOP, WITH TOMMY HOLCOMB'S RIGHT AFTER HIM. THE COLONEL GOT THE ORDERS FIRST, BUT IT WAS ONLY TEN MINUTES OF FIVE WHEN THE ORDERS GOT TO THE MARINES IN

THEIR TRENCHES. "LET'S GO, FELLOWS!" WAS ALL THEY SAID, JUST AS THOUGH THEY'D BEEN DOING IT EVERY EVENING AT FIVE O'CLOCK. SO AWAY THEY WENT ACROSS THE GREEN FIELDS WITH THEIR RED POPPIES. AND AWAY THEY WENT IN THIN WAVES, JUST AS THOUGH IT WAS A DRILL. AND THEY'D BEEN DREAMING ABOUT GOING OVER THE TOP FOR A YEAR, SO THEY KNEW JUST HOW IT WAS DONE. RIGHT AHEAD OF THEM WERE SOME WOODS CALLED BOIS DE BELLEAU, JUST PACKED FULL OF THE BEST SOLDIERS THE KAISER HAD, AND JUST PACKED WITH MACHINE-GUNS; AND OFF TO THE RIGHT IN A LITTLE VALLEY TWO MILES AWAY, ACROSS OPEN WHEAT-FIELDS, WAS A TOWN CALLED BOURESCHES THAT THE BOCHE HAD TAKEN FROM THE FRENCH. SO AWAY WENT OLD SIB ACROSS THE FIELDS, AND THEN THE BOCHE OPENED UP A TERRIBLE FIRE ON HIS BATTALION. THE BIG SHELLS WERE

BURSTING WITH A NOISE THAT SOUNDED AS THOUGH THEY WERE MADE OF STEEL THUNDER, AND THE SHRAPNEL WAS JUST HAILING BULLETS OVER THE WHEAT, AND OUT OF THE WOODS THE MACHINE-GUN BULLETS WERE FLYING LIKE MAD HORNETS. BUT THE MARINES JUST GRINNED AND CALLED TO EACH OTHER, "GET 'EM, BOYS!" AND OLD SIB WOULD SING OUT, JUST AS THOUGH IT WAS A DRILL, "STEADY ON THE LEFT THERE! STEADY ON THE LEFT!" AND PRETTY SOON, ALTHOUGH SOME OF THEM GOT HIT AND FELL, AND DIED THERE AMONG THE RED POPPIES OF FRANCE, THREE THOUSAND MILES FROM THEIR DADDIES, THE REST MADE THE WOODS. AND THEN TWO COMPANIES THAT BELONGED TO TOMMY HOLCOMB WENT OVER THE TOP TOO, AND ACROSS THE GREEN FIELDS TO TAKE THE LITTLE TOWN IN THE VALLEY AWAY FROM FRITZ. AND ALL THAT NIGHT AND FOR FOUR LONG DAYS AND NIGHTS OLD

SIB'S MARINES FOUGHT UNTIL NEARLY ALL THE BEST TROOPS THE KAISER HAD WERE KILLED OR CAPTURED. AND IT WAS THE HARDEST FIGHTING THE MARINES HAD EVER HAD, BECAUSE THEY WERE TERRIBLE, EVIL WOODS. I KNOW NO FAIRIES EVER LIVED IN THEM, ONLY BEARS AND SNAKES AND OLD WITCHES. OH, THEY WERE TERRIBLE! AND OLD FRITZ IS BRAVE ENOUGH, AND HE WASN'T GOING TO GIVE UP THOSE EVIL WOODS IF HE COULD HELP IT. AND RIGHT IN BACK OF THE MARINES WERE THE SAILOR-HOSPITAL APPRENTICES TO TAKE CARE OF THE WOUNDED, AND THE BAND TO CARRY THEM BACK, AND THE SIGNAL PLATOON TO STRETCH TELEPHONE-WIRES. AND THE COLONEL WENT OUT TO SEE THAT EVERYTHING WENT RIGHT; AND DADDY WANTED TO GO, BUT HE HAD TO STAY BACK AT HEADQUARTERS IN A FARM-HOUSE TO SEND NEWS BACK TO THE GENERAL. AND PRETTY SOON BACK CAME A GREAT BIG MA-

RINE WITH 17 PRISONERS THAT A SECOND LIEUTENANT HAD CAPTURED, WITH TWO MACHINE-GUNS; AND HE WAS GRINNING LIKE AN OLD CAT, AND SAID, "MAJOR, THE BOYS ARE GOING RIGHT THROUGH TO BERLIN!" AND WE LINED UP THE PRISONERS, AND THEY PUT UP THEIR HANDS AS THOUGH WE WERE GOING TO SHOOT THEM. AND THEN SO MANY KEPT COMING IN WE DIDN'T PAY ANY ATTENTION TO THEM, BUT JUST SENT THEM BACK TO THE GENERAL. AND THE TELEPHONE BEGAN WORKING, AND IT WAS JUST GETTING DARK WHEN THE MESSAGE CAME THAT THE COLONEL HAD BEEN SHOT. AND THEN ALL THE FUN STOPPED, BECAUSE WE ALL LOVED HIM AND WONDERED HOW WE COULD EVER GET ALONG WITHOUT HIM. AND ALL THIS TIME THE MARINES OUT IN THE WOODS WERE MOVING AHEAD, AND THE BOCHE HAD MACHINE-GUNS ALL THROUGH IT. IT WAS FULL OF RAVINES AND LITTLE CLIFFS AND

ROCKS, AND THE MARINES COULDN'T SEE THEM, AND THEY'D HAVE TO CHARGE WITH THE BAYONET AND FIGHT HAND-TO-HAND, JUST AS THE OLD PIRATES DID, AND THE ARTILLERY COULDN'T HELP THEM. BUT A LITTLE AFTER NINE O'CLOCK, OLD SIB GOT DADDY A MESSAGE BY A BRAVE RUNNER THAT HE HAD GOT TO THE FAR END OF THE WOODS, WHERE THE GENERAL HAD ORDERED HIM, AND HE HAD SURROUNDED ALL THE MACHINE-GUNS THAT THE MARINES HAD NOT CAPTURED. AND OFF ON THE RIGHT, ONE OF TOMMY HOLCOMB'S COMPANIES HAD GONE TO CAPTURE THE LITTLE TOWN IN THE VALLEY. AND THE CAPTAIN OF THE COMPANY WAS CAPTAIN DUNCAN, AND EVERYBODY, ALL THE OFFICERS AND MEN, CALLED HIM "OLD DUNK," BECAUSE HE WORE GLASSES AND WAS QUIET AND A SORT OF DADDY TO THEM ALL. AND, OF COURSE, THE BOCHE IN THE TOWN AND BACK OF THE RAILROAD TRACKS COULD

SEE HIM COMING, AND THEY WERE FIRING AT HIM WITH LOTS OF MACHINE-GUNS AND ARTILLERY, UNTIL THERE WERE JUST THOUSANDS OF BULLETS BETWEEN HIM AND THE TOWN. BUT OLD DUNK WENT RIGHT AHEAD, SMOKING AN OLD PIPE AND SWINGING A LITTLE CANE. AND ONE OF HIS YOUNG LIEUTENANTS GOT A BULLET IN THE SHOULDER, AND HIS FACE WAS WHITE AS THIS PAPER; AND ANOTHER YOUNG LIEUTENANT HAD BOTH ARMS BROKEN BY BULLETS; BUT THEY KEPT RIGHT ON GOING. AND NEARLY ALL THE MEN GOT HIT, AND THEN OLD DUNK. AND THEY TRIED TO CARRY HIM, TWO OF THEM, INTO A LITTLE WOODS, AND A BIG SHELL KILLED ALL THREE. SO IT LOOKED AS THOUGH THE LITTLE TOWN COULDN'T BE TAKEN; BUT A BIG LIEUTENANT NAMED ROBERTSON JUMPED UP AHEAD AND YELLED, "COME ON, BOYS! LET'S GO!" AND THEY JUST JUMPED THROUGH THOSE BULLETS AND CAPTURED THE TOWN

AND KILLED ALL THE BOCHE IN IT. WHEN DADDY TURNED IN AT TWO IN THE MORNING THE REGIMENT HAD DONE EVERYTHING THE GENERAL HAD ORDERED. AND BEFORE HE WENT TO BED WE GOT A BIG TRUCK LOADED WITH RATIONS AND BULLETS. AND DADDY TOLD BILLY MOORE TO TAKE IT OUT TO THE LITTLE TOWN; AND HE WASN'T A BIT SURE HE'D EVER SEE HIM AGAIN OR THAT THE TRUCK WOULD EVER GET OUT. BUT AWAY HE WENT, AND THEY FIRED BULLETS AND SHELLS ALL THE WAY AT IT; BUT IT GOT THERE AND BACK, AND GENERAL PERSHING SENT A MEDAL TO BILLY MOORE FOR DOING IT.

AND JUST AFTER DADDY GOT TO BED, WITH ALL HIS CLOTHES ON, THE BOCHE MADE A BIG ATTACK ON THE LITTLE TOWN AND GOT WITHIN THIRTY FEET OF IT; BUT THE MARINES LICKED THEM GOOD. AND THE NEXT DAY AND THE NEXT DAY AND THE NEXT DAY

OLD SIB'S MARINES CHARGED THE MACHINE-GUNS THEY HAD SURROUNDED, AND STUCK BAYONETS IN THEM, AND THREW GRENADES AT THEM. AND AT NIGHT THE BOCHE WOULD SNEAK MORE MACHINE-GUNS IN. AND THE LAST DAY EVERY OFFICER IN ONE OF HIS BRAVE COMPANIES WAS WOUNDED, AND OLD SIB AND HIS ADJUTANT TOOK THE POOR OLD COMPANY THEMSELVES AND STARTED A CHARGE. AND WHEN THE MARINES SAW WHAT HE WAS DOING, THEY FORGOT ALL ABOUT THEIR OFFICERS AND CHUMS WHO HAD BEEN KILLED AND WOUNDED, AND ALL ABOUT THE COLD NIGHTS OUT IN THOSE WITCH WOODS WITHOUT BLANKETS, AND ALL ABOUT HOW TIRED AND HUNGRY AND THIRSTY THEY WERE. THEY JUST GRIPPED THEIR GUNS, AND WHEN OLD SIB YELLED, "CHARGE!" THEY JUST WENT UP THE HILL IN THOSE EVIL WOODS; AND THE BOCHE THREW BOMBS AT THEM AND FIRED THEIR

MACHINE-GUNS UNTIL THEY WERE SO HOT YOU COULD HAVE COOKED EGGS ON THEM. BUT THE BRAVE MARINES KEPT GOING, AND THEY GOT RIGHT UP TO THE MACHINE-GUNS AND JUST SETTLED EVERY FRITZ. BUT THEY WERE SO TIRED THEY COULD HARDLY STAND. SO THAT NIGHT THEY GOT A GOOD SLEEP AND FORGOT ALL THEIR TROUBLES, AND BEFORE IT GOT LIGHT THEY ALL CREPT BACK TO THE EDGE OF THE WOODS. AND THEN 200 CANNONS JUST FIRED EVERY SHELL THEY HAD INTO THE EVIL WOODS FOR AN HOUR. AND THE BOCHE CREPT INTO THEIR LITTLE TRENCHES AND INTO CAVES AND BEHIND ROCKS AND TREES. AND THE SHELLS GOT NEARLY ALL OF THEM, AND WHEN THE LAST CANNON WENT "BANG!" AWAY WENT DEADO HUGHES' FINE BATTALION OF MARINES, 1,000 OF THEM, OVER THE TOP AND INTO THE WOODS, AND THEY KILLED ALL THE REST, EXCEPT A LOT ON TOP OF A CLIFF

WHERE THEY HAD A DOZEN MACHINE-GUNS. AND DEADDO SENT A MARINE BACK TO DADDY WITH A MESSAGE FOR THE GENERAL, AND IT SAID, "THE ARTILLERY HAS BLOWN THE BOIS DE BELLEAU INTO MINCE-MEAT." AND IT HAD, BECAUSE IT HAD CUT DOWN BIG TREES AND SPLIT ROCKS AND KNOCKED MACHINE-GUNS HIGHER THAN THE BIRDS' NESTS. AND THEN DEADDO CALLED A CAPTAIN, AND THE CAPTAIN TOOK HIS COMPANY, AND AWAY HE WENT UP THE CLIFF AND CAPTURED ALL THE MACHINE-GUNS. AND WHEN DADDY WENT OUT THERE, IT WAS A QUEER SIGHT, BECAUSE THE WOODS LOOKED JUST AS THOUGH THEY WERE NAKED, WHERE THE SHELLS HAD RIPPED THEM. AND THERE WERE LOTS OF DEAD FRITZES ALL CURLED UP, AND THEIR OLD TIN HATS FULL OF HOLES. AND WHAT DO YOU THINK THE MARINES LOOKED LIKE? LOTS OF THEM HAD TORN PANTS AND COATS, BUT THEY ALL HAD HAD A SHAVE AND WERE

GRINNING AND JUST TAKING LIFE EASY, AND WERE NOT PAYING MUCH ATTENTION TO THE GERMAN SHELLS THAT WOULD EVERY ONCE IN A WHILE COME RUSHING OVER WITH A BIG LONG SWISH, JUST LIKE CLOTH WHEN IT TEARS, AND THEN GO "BANG!" AND YOU'D HEAR THE PIECES RATTLE DOWN THROUGH THE TREES. BUT, OF COURSE, WHEN IT GOT REAL BAD, THEY'D LIE FLAT IN THEIR LITTLE HOLES THAT WERE JUST LONG ENOUGH TO LIE IN, AND OVER THE TOP THEY'D LAY BIG BRANCHES AND ROCKS.

AND EVERY DAY THE BOCHE WOULD TRY TO GET BACK THE LITTLE VILLAGE, AND TOMMY HOLCOMB'S MARINES WOULD SAY, "NO, YOU DON'T, OLD FRITZ!" AND THEY DIDN'T. AND THEY FOUND A NICE COW OUT THERE; AND EVERY TIME THE COW CAME AROUND, THEY'D GRAB HER AND MILK HER; AND SOME CHICKENS LAID EGGS FOR THEM; AND EVERY NIGHT THE LITTLE OLD FORD

CAR THAT DADDY GOT FOR THE 6TH AND THAT MOTHER SOLD TO THE GENERAL FOR A DOLLAR WOULD GO BUMPING AND RATTLING OUT OVER THE ROAD TO THEM WITH HOT FOOD AND BULLETS. AND THEY HAD A FINE TIME. AND AT NIGHT THE OLD FRITZES WOULD FIRE HUNDREDS OF CANNONS AT THE WOODS AND CHARGE INTO THEM, AND THE MARINES WOULD LICK THE LIFE OUT OF THEM EVERY TIME. AND THEY TOOK SO MANY PRISONERS THAT YOU COULDN'T COUNT THEM. AND ONE DAY THEY SAW A BOCHE MACHINE-GUN STICKING UP IN THE AIR AND THEY CHARGED AT IT; AND A BIG MARINE GOT THERE FIRST, AND THERE WAS ONLY ONE FRITZ LEFT. HE WAS GOING TO STICK HIS BAYONET RIGHT THROUGH HIM, BUT FRITZ THREW UP HIS HANDS AND YELLED: "SAY, DON'T GET SO ROUGH, OLD TOP! CUT IT OUT! ALL I WANT IS TO GET BACK TO CHICAGO. CAN'T YOU SEE THE WAY

MY GUN'S POINTING UP IN THE AIR?" SO THEY MADE HIM A PRISONER.

OLD DEADO GOT GASSED, AND THEY SENT HIM TO THE HOSPITAL, AND NOW HE'S ALL RIGHT. AND DON'T YOU REMEMBER THE FIRST TIME YOU WENT SWIMMING AT QUANTICO, AND YOU HAD TO GO SWIMMING IN HIS BATHING-SUIT? HE'S A FUNNY MAN AND KEEPS THE MARINES LAUGHING AT THE COMICAL THINGS HE SAYS; BUT IF HE TOLD HIS MARINES TO TAKE THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE DOWN AND MAKE ALL-DAY SUCKERS OUT OF IT OR RICE PUDDING, THEY'D DO IT, AND ALL THE COPS IN NEW YORK AND BROOKLYN COULDN'T STOP THEM.

THIS IS AN AWFUL LONG LETTER FOR A LITTLE BOY, BUT PRETTY MOTHER WILL HELP SPELL IT OUT, IF YOU'RE A GOOD BOY AND CLIMB IN HER LAP AND ONCE IN A WHILE WRINKLE UP YOUR FUNNY LITTLE NOSE AND LAUGH AND SAY, "MUVVER, ISN'T DADDY A

FUNNY MAN?" AND IF YOU GET SCARED ABOUT THE WOODS, OR FEEL JUST TERRIBLE ABOUT THE BRAVE MARINES THAT GOT KILLED, JUST CUDDLE UP CLOSE AND REMEMBER THAT NOW THE WOODS ARE NICE AND QUIET AGAIN, AND THE FARMERS ARE CUTTING THE WHEAT, AND THE PRETTY RED POPPIES ARE ALL OVER THE PLACES WHERE BRAVE MARINES ARE. AND THE FRENCHERS EVEN CHANGED THE NAME, AND NOW IT'S CALLED "THE AMERICAN MARINES WOODS." YOU KNOW IT WAS FUNNY, BUT THE BIG LIEUTENANT WHO CAPTURED THE LITTLE VILLAGE DIDN'T LIKE THE FRENCH NAME, SO HE CALLED IT "DOUBLE O," INSTEAD OF BOIS DE BELLEAU. AND HE GOT GASSED, TOO; AND AFTER HE GOT BACK, HE GOT HIT IN THE NECK BY A BULLET. BUT HE'S JUST AS HARD AS NAILS, AND HE'S ALL RIGHT NOW.

BUT THE KAISER WAS AWFUL MAD ABOUT LOSING THOSE WOODS AND THE LITTLE VIL-

LAGE, AND HE'D SEND HIS BEST SOLDIERS TO TAKE THEM AND SHOOT BIG CANNON AT IT AND SEND AËROPLANES OVER; AND THEY'D FIRE MACHINE-GUNS DOWN INTO THE WOODS. AND AFTER A WHILE HE FOUND IT WAS THE MARINES WHO HAD LICKED HIM, AND THEN HE TOLD HIS GENERALS, "WELL, THERE'S NO USE BEING MAD, BECAUSE IT'S THE MARINES, AND WE NEVER COULD LICK THOSE OLD LEATHERNECKS." BUT WHEN THE OTHER AMERICAN SOLDIERS HEARD THE MARINES HAD LICKED THE KAISER'S OLD GOOSESTEPPERS, THEY SAID TO THEIR COLONELS, "WELL, IF THE MARINES CAN DO IT, WE CAN TOO, COLONEL." AND THAT'S THE REASON THEY'RE ALL LICKING THEM NOW. SO YOU CAN SEE IT WAS A GREAT BATTLE. SO GOOD-NIGHT, SONNY, AND BE A FINE, BRAVE LITTLE MARINE, AND MOTHER WILL BE VERY PROUD OF YOU AND LOVE YOU A GREAT BIG LOT, AND SO WILL YOUR OLD DADDY,

